The DOUBLE DEALER

".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

SEPTEMBER, 1922

CONTENTS

SENTENCES.....*Thornton N. Wilder* 110

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VENICE.....*William B. Hewes* 111
THE STORY OF THE SECOND GENTLEMAN

HOUR-GLASS .....*Hortense Flexner* 114

ROMANTICIST MUSIC .....*William Shultz* 115

THINGS FOR GRANTED .....*Richard Kirk* 122

STUCCO AND STONE .....*Edmund Wilson Jr.* 123

TO A ROAD RUNNER.....*Glenn Ward Dresbach* 124

GASLIGHT.....*Oscar Williams* 125

OPTIMIST.....*Edward Sapir* 131

NORA .....*Jean Toomer* 132

TRAGEDY.....*Paul S. Nickerson* 132

THE DRAMA ON FIRE.....*Herman George Scheffauer* 133

RESURRECTION .....*Paul Eldridge* 138

TOWARDS WALT WHITMAN.....*Pierre Loving* 139

THE VOICE OF DEATH.....*Oscar Williams* 143

THE CYNIC .....*H. Underwood Hoyt* 143

A PARADOX ON POSTERS.....*Arthur Symons* 144

STORM ENDING .....*Jean Toomer* 146

EDITORIAL COMMENT 147

REVISITANTS .....*Margaret Widdemer* 151

REVIEWS—

THE MODERN HEDONIST.....*Herman George Scheffauer* 152

THE OPINIONS OF ANATOLE FRANCE.....*Philip Zorn* 154

THE NIETZSCHE-WAGNER CORRESPONDENCE..... .....*Harry Salpeter* 155

IN COLORS OF THE WEST.....*John McClure* 156

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON.....*Alice Sessums Leovy* 157

THE HALDEMAN-JULIUS BOOKLETS.....*Stewart Johnson* 159

WHITE APRIL .....*J. M.* 160

ROBERT GRAVES ON ENGLISH POETRY.....*James B. Cluny* 161

THE CHOICE OF THE CROWD.....*Benjamin Thom* 161

BOOKS RECEIVED 162

Vol. IV No. 21

Copyright, 1922, by *The Double Dealer Publishing Co., Inc.*

Sentences

By THORNTON N. WILDER

I

IN the Italian quarter of London I found a group of clerks, waiters and idealistic barbers calling itself The Rosicrucian Mysteries, Soho Chapter, that met to read papers on the fabrication of gold and its metaphysical implications, to elect from its number certain Arch-adepts and *magistri hieraticorum,* to correspond with the last of the magi, Orzinda-mazda, on Mt. Sinai, and to retell, wide-eyed, their stories of how some workmen near Rome, breaking by chance into the tomb of Cicero's daughter, Tulliola, discovered an everburning lamp suspended in mid-air, its wick feeding on Perpetual Principle; of how Cleopatra's son Caesarion was preserved in a translucent liquid, "oil of gold," and could be still seen in an underground shrine at Vienna; and of how Virgil never died, but was alive still on the Island of Patmos, eating the leaves of a peculiar tree.

II

IN Rome I encountered a number of people who for one reason or another were unable to sleep between midnight and dawn, and when I tossed sleepless, or when I returned late to my rooms through the deserted streets—at the hour when the parricide feels a cat purring about his feet in the darkness—I pictured to myself old Baldassare in the Borgo, former Bishop of Shantung and Apostolic Visitor to the Far East, rising at two to study with streaming eyes the Fathers and the Councils, marvelling, he said, at the continuous blooming of the rose-tree of Doctrine; or of Stasia, a Russian refugee who had lost the habit of sleeping after dark during her experience as nurse in the War, Stasia playing solitaire through the night and brooding over the jocose tortures to which her family had been subjected by the soldiers of Taganrog; and of Elizabeth Grier who, like some German prince of the Eighteenth Century, owned her own band of musicians, listening the length over her long shadowed room to some new work that D'Indy had sent her, or bending over the score while her little troupe revived the overture to *Les Indes Galantes.*

Two Gentlemen of Venice

THE STORY OF THE SECOND GENTLEMAN

By WILLIAM G. HEWES

THE next day the gentleman who peels potatoes, was my guest at dinner. Like the gentleman who cleans fish, he began his story by making excuses for the scent which he always carried with him. "Oh, sir," he said, "is it not pitiful that I, a descendant of a Doge of Venice, should be so impregnated with the smell of swill barrels, that I cannot wash it from my person? Many brave plans have I tried by which I hoped to substitute another fragrance for that of the rotten potato, the overripe egg, or the decayed onion. I have carried pieces of strong cheeses in my pockets, or crushed them in my hair; I have sweat my feet with heavy stockings, and then not bathed for months, but all was of no avail, my friends declared that I still stunk. I have poured attar of roses over me, but was compelled to desist, as that was too sad a reminder of my young days, when I smelled so sweetly of it that humming birds and honey bees hovered above me like a halo. I have no doubt but my ancestry goes back in an unbroken line direct to Marco Polo.

"My father was a gentleman. All of my ancestors were gentlemen, clear back to Marco Polo. Until I—most unfortunate creature—no one of my family had ever soiled his hands, or acquired stinks, by manual labor. We accepted only positions as Great Captain or Great Statesman, but in my father's time there was not available for him a position as Great Captain or Great Statesman, and I, too, on reaching manhood, had no offers of these lucrative posts.

"So one day my father said to me: 'Son, as you have been offered no position as a Great Captain or Great Statesman, I have arranged that you shall marry the daughter of a Great Pirate. One whose wealth is beyond counting. In this way you can continue our family in its honorable career of idleness.

" 'The Great Pirate who is to be your father-in-law, is too, above reproach; for only when he has cut the throat of a victim, have his hands ever been soiled by his labors—never by following any of the common, ignoble, gainful occupations.

" 'The lady who is to be your wife has but just returned from school where, from her earliest childhood, she has been secluded, so you can be sure there will be no rival for her affections.

" 'To-morrow you will go to the house of the Great Pirate, where it has been arranged, between him and me, that you shall remain for a fortnight to prosecute your courtship.'

"The next day I met the beautiful lady who was to be my wife. Only one other guest was present—a fat sailor, a former member of the Great Pirate's crew, who arrived at the same time as myself. The Great Pirate was indisposed because of the gout, so after welcoming to his house the fat sailor and

myself, he retired to his chamber, first showing the fat sailor to the library where, he said, "I know you will find congenial company in the writings of these other philosophers whose books are here," and sending myself and the rich and beautiful young lady who was soon to be my wife into the garden.

"As we entered the garden the rich and beautiful young lady who was soon to be my wife took one of my hands in hers. I was greatly embarrassed as I had never before had my hand held by a beautiful young lady.

"Coming to a bench she said: 'Let us be seated.' And on our sitting down she snuggled up quite close to me. I was more embarrassed than when she took my hand, and kept sliding away from her, but as she followed, I was presently at the end of the bench where I could slide no farther. Then she began to tickle me and pinch my cheeks. I was delighted, though blushing furiously, and I think had this performance lasted as long as a half hour, it would have aroused in me the audacity to kiss her, but just then I espied the fat sailor peeking at us from some bushes. I called the attention to him of the rich and beautiful young lady who was soon to be my wife, at which she desisted from her ticklings, and suggested that we go to another part of the garden. She soon had me crowded to the extreme end of the next bench, on which we had seated ourselves, and was reclining against me, her head resting on my shoulder. It was so easy now to kiss her that I am sure I would have done so, had I not again espied the fat sailor watching us, and again called her attention to him, at which she jumped to her feet ejaculating: 'A plague upon the fat sailor—let us go to another part of the garden.' Again and again we changed our seats, and each time just as I was on the point of saying to myself: I have half a mind to kiss this rich and beautiful young lady who is soon to be my wife, I would see the fat sailor peeking at us through the shrubbery, and so we would have to move again.

"In one of our moves we came to a chair. She stopped and told me to be seated, but I protested, saying: 'That is only large enough for one, so it is you who must be seated.'

"At that she seized me by the shoulder, and pushed me on the chair, saying at the same time: 'You are such a numbskull!' Then she seated herself in my lap. My hands rested on the arms of the chair, but the rich and beautiful young lady who was soon to be my wife fearing she might fall from my lap, took my hands and placed them on her breasts, and with this support, feeling safe from falling, she leaned back and pressed her cheek against mine. I was so very happy that I became loquacious, and related to her in a most animated manner an account of a smart dog I owned.

"She interrupted to ask: 'Will this wonderful dog of yours bite any one that you tell it to?'

" Certainly,' I said, 'anyone."

"She sighed and said: 'What a pity you did not bring him, as we could use him to chase the fat sailor out of the garden.'

"I am sure I would have had the audacity to kiss her now, but just then my attention was attracted by a young scullery maid coming down one of the garden paths. I called the attention to her of the rich and beautiful young lady

who was soon to be my wife and we were both watching the maid when the fat sailor bounced out of some bushes, and, seizing the maid, began to kiss her in a most scandalous manner.

"He had kissed her across her face, and around her face, when the rich and beautiful young lady who was soon to be my wife, seeing this unseemly osculatory exhibition, became greatly excited, and jumping from my lap she turned on me and, shrieking, 'Imbecile!' cuffed me first on one cheek and then on the other. Then dashing across the garden she seized the scullery maid by the hair, and tearing her from the embrace of the fat sailor, cuffed her cheeks as she had done mine, and sent the maid bawling from the garden.

"On seeing how greatly the rich and beautiful young lady who was soon to be my wife disapproved of kissing I was congratulating myself that I had been no such fool as to surrender to temptation, when I saw her turn to the fat sailor, and smiling saucily the while, reach out with her two hands, and pinch both of his cheeks. He at once threw his arms about her and kissed her with so loud a smack that it scared all of the birds from the garden.

" 'Hell's fire,' I said, 'she has been wanting to be kissed all of this time. I will go at once and kiss her.' But as I approached, the fat sailor picked up a pebble and snapped it at me.

"It struck me on the nose with great force, and as I was wiping the blood from my nose, and the tears from my eyes, I heard the rich and beautiful young lady who was soon to be my wife shout: 'Here's another; shoot him again!'

"That one grievously injured my ear, and my retreat which I had already begun was accelerated by a large stone, which, moving with great velocity, collided with my rear.

"Soon they were chasing me over the garden, and each time a stone came whirring past me, I would hear the rich and beautiful young lady, who was soon to be my wife, shout: 'Here's another!' And whenever a stone struck me her shrill laughter showed how delighted she was.

"I finally took refuge in the library. 'This,' I cried, 'is too ridiculous, here am I in the library with the philosophers, and the fat sailor is out in the garden with the rich and beautiful young lady who is soon to be my wife. However,' thought I, 'I know now she wants to be kissed, so tomorrow when we go to the garden, I will kiss her as audaciously, and with as loud a smack, as did the fat sailor.'

"This thought having inspired the feeling that all would yet be well with me, my peace of mind returned, and being seated in a comfortable chair, I dozed off, and had probably been asleep some hours, when I was awakened by voices in the room.

"Listening, I heard the rich and beautiful young lady who was soon to be my wife, saying: 'Father, that fellow has not the spunk of a rabbit. He is utterly unfit to be the husband of the daughter of a great pirate.'

" 'All right,' said the Great Pirate, 'if he has not the spunk of a rabbit we will throw him out.'

" 'And father,' went on the rich and beautiful young lady, whom I felt now was not soon to be my wife, 'I have been thinking of more serious matters.

In achieving the position which has made you eminent as a great pirate, you have killed many men, and taken from them their money, their merchandise, and even their wives. It was in that way, I believe, that you acquired my mother. You have even played with the dice father. You have much to answer for, so I beseech you that we keep the fat sailor always with us. His words of comfort will soothe you, should you ever worry over your past atrocities, and his gentle guidance will lead you in paths of rectitude in the future.'

" 'It shall be as you say, daughter. Now let us find that rabbit and throw him out.'

"The fat sailor whom I had observed listening at a door, now entered and pointed me out.

"I was in the street in no time, and looking back as I walked away, the fat sailor placed a thumb to the end of his nose, and wriggled his fingers at me. This exhibition of wit caused the rich and beautiful young lady, whom I now knew would not ever become my wife, to laugh boisterously.

"I felt that all was over, which so greatly disturbed my peace of mind, that as I continued on my way I kept repeating: 'Oh, what a misfortune that I was too timid to kiss the lady.'

"Returning to my father's house, I related to him my experiences of the day. He lamented greatly, saying, 'Oh, what will the House of Giuseppi do now? I had counted on getting a whack at the fortune of the Great Pirate. Son,' he said, 'I am soon to be married again, and I have only enough to support myself. All things must come to an end, even the grandeur of the House of Giuseppi. Son, you must seek a job.' With that he led me to the door, and thrust me into the street.

"And now I, Giovanni Giuseppi, whose ancestors were gentlemen as far back as Marco Polo, when walking the streets of Venice, California, hear people speak of him and say: 'Here comes old swills.' "

And as Giovanni Giuseppi took his departure, he gave utterance to his doleful lamentation: "Oh, what a misfortune that I was too timid to kiss the rich and beautiful young lady who might have become my wife."

Hour Glass

By HORTENSE FLEXNER

Mind is to experience
As an hour-glass to time,
The very sand
That measures the moments
Dribbles away.

An Economic Interpretation of Romanticist Music

By WILLIAM SHULTZ

MUSIC as well as the other arts, is susceptible of an economic interpretation. "Blasphemous," exclaims a musical friend of mine. "Think a minute. Mozart and Adam Smith, Chopin and Malthus, diatonic progressions and marginal utility—why, the very names and terminologies arch their backs and spit at each other like two strange cats." So be it; we should not therefore hesitate to turn cat-tamer, and yoke the unruly beasts.

To begin with, no claim is made that music is founded on a basis of economics, or that a depression in the price of cereals is responsible for the "knocking of Fate" in the Fifth Symphony, or that a Chopin nocturne is in any way an interpretation of contemporary price movements; only disaster could result from such unholy matrimony. But even the sincerest music-lover will admit the presence of some of those factors ordinarily denoted as economic in the art of music; we take it for granted that musicians as well as poets and bricklayers must eat.

No matter how clear or how vital the flame within him no musician can long create while he ignores the material needs of life. Food he must have; shelter and clothes are necessary; and perhaps with most composers an even greater factor—though many a young iconoclast proclaims his satisfaction in being "misunderstood," thereby solacing himself for his half-realized mediocrity—is the intelligent appreciation of their work, if not by the world at large, at least by some small coterie of their own. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw no great audiences flocking to concert halls, nor any well-advertised musical societies in the larger cities. On the Continent, the peasant was bowed under the yoke of serfdom; in England, a freeman, he fought a rude existence from his small stretch of soil, and struggled against the overwhelming influence of the larger landlords. No, the peasant could have but one mother and mistress—the soil; from her he drew his life, to her he gave back that life.

But it was different with the land-owning aristocracy—Carlyle's "gilded caryatids." The gentle lord or lady took a disdainful pinch of snuff at the mere suggestion of work, and behind them were long traditions of such exemption. Nay, so had this tradition become a part of their lives that the idea of labor carried with it a derogatory significance. Not only must actual labor be avoided, but even the very appearance of it. The manifestations of this attitude were obvious—the aristocratic penchant for dainty figures (so that the corset became an indispensable part of male attire) well-turned calves, and mincing manners among the men, all of which would have been clearly impossible if these males had had to engage in strenuous forms of labor, and

were therefore a very evident claim to respectability.

And then, to spend freely where there was no necessity, to buy extensively where there is no need—it has always been the *ne plus ultra* of good taste. For a seventeenth or eighteenth century aristocrat to maintain a private orchestra with perhaps a noted composer to conduct it, would be a most obvious indication of his pecuniary respectability. Of course, it would be a great satisfaction for a truly music-loving noble to feel that he had always the means of satisfying his craving for a toccata, a suite, or a symphony. And doubtless, since we all have some grains of altruism within us, it gave him great satisfaction to know that he could afford his friends the same enjoyment that he discovered therein. But is it not quite possible that it may have occurred to him that to be able to exhibit a private orchestra to the other members of his social class would be an excellent proof of his ability to spend unnecessarily? Certainly it would be a very obvious—if not audible—form of expense, a delicate way of suggesting that "in our circle we do such things." The purchase of costly paintings and other manifestations of collectomania share with music the merit of being emblems of respectability.

It was not only by maintaining an orchestra of his own that a patrician could publicly exhibit his social respectability; he was always ready to extend aid to any promising young talent, and not a few of the important classical composers owed their early musical education to the munificence of such patrons. As a matter of course, a number of the protege's compositions would be dedicated to his patron; it was a harmless form of satisfying vanity.

But the greatest influence of the land-owning aristocracy was exercised upon musical composition from a different quarter. In the fertile brain of some recognition-hungering *petitseigneur*, there came the inspiration that any personal devotion on his part to music, because it would be so clearly unproductive of any financial return, must necessarily be an excellent bid for acceptance by his social superiors. An artistic hobby, on which it is necessary to spend years of study is a self-evident proof that one has not needed to keep the wolf from the door; and even if one has no interest in the hobby, it is good policy to simulate such an interest so that the world will give one the credit for being a dilettante. It is not surprising, then, that we find in the pre-Industrial period, a wide and most sincere appreciation of music.

Now let us examine the effects of this patronage and aristocratic interest in music on the composition of the music in this period. To begin with, we must realize the relation of the two elements in music—the sensuous and the formal. To the first, which is purely emotional, we owe our pleasure in tone qualities, rhythms, and the larger part of melody and harmony. By the second, whose beauties are intellectual, we discover the appreciation of structure, and the intricate effects of counterpoint. The sensuous beauties of music are always self-evident; it is through the possession of these that folk-music makes its great appeal. But it requires study and the devotion of much time before the more delicate qualities of form become apparent.

Before you can have music embracing these elements of form, you must give your composer long assiduous training and much leisure. Before such music, once composed, can be appreciated, you must have an audience which is willing to make a study of their music. Both these conditions were satisfied in the classic era; hence it is that the music of this period represents a fullflowering of the intellectual elements of music, that the sonate di ballo and the sonate da chieza could expand into the sonatas and symphonies of Beethoven, and the old canons and rounds develop into the fugues of Bach. It was thought superimposed upon feeling.

But that age, with its tinsel and mire, passed. The old leisure-loving, landed aristocracy toppled from its high position, and a new class took its place that drew its vital forces from business enterprise—only one step removed from vulgar, crass labor. Not that the older class entirely sank from view, although many of its members disappeared during the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period. Those that remained were metamorphosed into two different types. One group deprived of their former means of support, decayed rapidly into the "penniless nobility," and since they could not afford to intermarry and maintain their old social position, were either absorbed into other social groups, or rapidly degenerated. The other group with what remained of their wordly goods, engaged in various occupations and became identified with the new aristocracy, the industrial nouveaux-riches.

Let us contrast this new aristocracy with the old. The former landed nobility had a long tradition of genteel leisure behind it; the new upstarts possessed no such tradition, for they had their ancestors among the previous servile classes, which had for ages been taught by their aristocratic masters that virtue is to be sought in submission and hard work. Moreover, the members of this new class who achieved a social position high enough to be included "in society", accomplished this change through unremitting toil—coupled, of course, with the ability to drive a shrewd bargain, and take advantage of the weaknesses of their fellows where opportunity occurred. This habit of hard work could not be shaken off even when the individual found himself above what the economist might call the "maximum of comfort."

There was another difference between the old society and the new that should be noted. The social system under the land-owning nobility had been static. Differences of economic position had crystallized into forms of precedence, and once these were socially recognized, no further change was possible. But the same upheaval that had brought in the industrial aristocracy, instituted a period of social flux. It was now possible for the individual to change his caste by bettering his financial position. This was a new incentive to labor, and it was a most powerful one.

Thus we find the old tradition of leisure broken down. As we shall see, it did not disappear but underwent a curious transformation. But as far as the men of the new aristocracy were concerned, their destiny was to "toil by day, and toss by night." Gone, then, were the musical amateurs, the titled

dilettantes who could parade their appreciation of things musical as an indication of social distinction. Nevertheless, the tradition that interest in music was the "proper thing" and necessary to cultural prestige lingered; it was become a too firmly ingrained habit of thought to disappear easily. Hence the new aristocracy stepped into the shoes of the old as the patrons of music.

But lacking the leisure to study and appreciate the nuances and intellectual finesse of the music of the preceding age, the new patron found himself no longer able to follow the statement and restatement of theme, its development and recapitulation, or the sinuous contrapuntal play of motif against motif. At the concert he wearily listened "in a dreamy reverie, punctuated by nervous thrills." Any appeal of music to him had to be direct to the senses; and lo! the Romantic Music was born. The change is only too visible—away in Vienna was the young Schubert, carelessly flinging off sonatas and symphonies that were a sedulous aping of Mozart and Haydn, and they descended into the limbo of forgotten dreams. But when he turned his pen to "improvising on paper," and the "Lieder" fluttered page by page from his study table—then the tradition of Schubert and a new era of music were created. No need of intellect to apprehend the simple beauty of the "Songs"—so it is not surprising that the publishers reaped a fortune from them.

With a suddenness almost overwhelming, folk-music came into popular favor, and received the serious attention of composers. It required no great mental exertion to appreciate the peasant dances and songs. Their appeal was to the untutored mind—the appeal of set rhythms, of concise phrases, of repeated motifs. A revolutionary national consciousness conspired with the demands of the New Music to search the treasure chambers of the folk-souls, and the unearthed findings were poured on the musical world by a hundred willing pens—the older Beethoven did not hesitate to go to Scottish dance tunes for symphonic motifs, Chopin composed his Mazurkas and Polonaises, Sarasate delved into the Spanish melody-box, Liszt plundered a dozen nationalities, and Sibelius supplemented the "Kalevala" with his "Finlandia." Even the Western World discovered it had a national soul—and its vocal chords were the grandsons of dusky Senegambians.

More attention was paid to the tonal quality of the orchestra and it was discovered that the oboe was sultry or menacing, the clarinet mellow and liquid, the horn hollow, vague, and mystical, the cello passionate, and the violins clear, aspiring, and ethereal. Musical composition became "tone-painting"—witness the exotic decadence, the Baudelarian sensuousness in the final chord of Schumann's "Les Papillons" with its tones released successively until but one remains sounding, the extraordinary clangor of low thirds and final emergence of a ghostly pianissimo chord at the end of "Paganini" in the "Carnival"—witness the veiled beauty of Chopin's pedalling ("the sobbing of fountains," the Chopin of the gutter, Paul Verlaine, called it).

There now appeared in ever increasing numbers, that phenomenon of the modern concert hall, the sleeping audience—not altogether an innovation by

any means, for did not old Haydn make a bid for immortality by recognizing the creature and pandering to it in the "Surprise Symphony"? The species soon appeared in its fullest development—soap manufacturers, and brewers, and bankers, unwillingly dragged into uncomfortable stalls and loges by spouses and families firmly impregnated with the idea that to go to the concert was "proper"—poor inoffensive creatures, caught beneath this Juggernaut of Propriety. There they sat, with their bald heads nodding, or else planning the business program for the following day. There they were; what was the composer to do with them? Make them think? Force them to concentrate their attention? Heavens no! That would be disastrous. He must amuse them, tell them little stories in music—and be sure to have the story printed on the program so that they would not have any trouble in following it. Or better yet, he could let them see the story acted out for them with all the necessary scenery and costumes—in short, opera. And if a Wagner chanced along, and gave them labelled music—so that whenever a sword or a ring, or a Siegfried appeared or was spoken of, an appropriate motif was sounded—so much the better; that was *reductio ad simplicitatem.* Or else, the composer might make the story a humorous one and create a more popular opera bouffe; or even omit the story altogether and instead introduce a score of well-formed females on the stage in various attractive stages of nudity so that the music could be forgotten altogether: and the rapid lining of the producers' pockets showed that this policy was wise.

The question arises, why, if the men were no longer interested in music, if they no longer paraded penchant for it as proof of their social integrity, why should it persist? And the answer is—as so many answers are—*cherchez la femme.* When the Grand Seigneur went to Paris and Versailles with his rent-receipts in his pocket, his figure corsetted and bedecked with satins and ribbons, his person was a walking advertisement of his (often assumed) prosperity. It was not necessary to put lock and bolt on Mrs. Grand Seigneur, and use her as a social stalking-horse. If she chose to have a lover, good—it showed she was desirable; if she chose to have two, so much the better—the same reasoning held. She might grace a salon if she wished, or seduce a king and manage an empire if she could. But busied with such activities, milady was not likely to have overmuch time to devote to musical studies—not nearly so much as her consort of the inferior sex. Hence classical music was masculine music, written by men for mannikins.

But the Grand Seigneur had to make way for the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. The Revolution had established sansculotte styles for men, and no longer was the male the bird of the variegated plumage. Condemned to sober worsteds and confined relentlessly in the squirrel-wheel of business, he could no longer express in his own person—in clothing or in style of living—his claims for social recognition. But he did have one possession which, properly utilized, might express his ability to spend wastefully and enjoy leisure if he chose—his wife. Behold, then, the dreary procession of bourgeois virtues,

all tending to transform Mrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry into a weapon for social recognition. She was relieved of all useful occupations; she must have no particular intellectual abilities as proof of the impossibility of her ever being useful; she should devote her attention to her personal appearance, not only to emphasize as far as possible those traits that would indicate her obvious uselessness, but to further adapt herself to her chief function—the wearing of the clothes her husband bought to show that he could afford them. Mrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry found huge lacunae in her daily program—it was her duty to have such. And like her male counterpart of the previous century, she found music an eminently satisfactory stopgap.

More and more, as the new order became firmly established, did Music find it necessary to conform to the tastes of the Capricious Sex. Since it was not "proper" for Woman to develop "intellect," and it was most proper for her to be emotional—that she might thereby the better adore her spouse and pander to his egotism—she naturally appreciated music "emotionally." And in that appreciation was included a diverse melange of extraneous elements, predominantly neurotic, which pressed Music ever nearer the borders of morbidity. Hemmed down by their "bourgeois virtues," the wife and daughter found themselves emotionally starved, and tended to seek a vicarious satisfaction in esoteric religion, prurient literature, and erotic music.

Suggestiveness crept into the Romantic Music. Old Tolstoy realized this, and thundered against it—and his thunderings were widely acclaimed because of the suggestiveness incorporated in *them*—but he failed to realize the cause and laid all the blame on the composers of music rather than on the Society that demanded it. Music has continued to grow more insinuating, nevertheless, until at present it is only the compensating ugliness of our concert-halls that preserves the souls of many music-lovers from complete contamination—though it might well be argued that it is their already existing moral degradation and perversion that inspires their music-hunger.

Of course, since, the business man did not have time to study and judge his music, and since his women-folk were not to be intellectually capable of this, he had to hire specialists to perform this function, just as he hired them to direct the technical processes of his industies. These specialists were the musical critics. Like all critics, their duty was to winnow out the music the business man and his family would most appreciate in the time allotted for their musical consumption. The popular critic would be the one who could choose the music most nearly approximating his patrons' tastes, and justify it most successfully. The critic, possessing a "Will to Intellectualize", gave a rational interpretation to this choice, and of course, this tickled the fancy of his patrons by causing them to believe that they had had the same arguments in mind when they made *their* choice.

Quite often the musical critic was himself a composer—perhaps a great one, a Schumann or a Wagner—and his music would tend to agree with his theories. Moreover, whether himself composer or not, the critic exercised a wide influence over other musical crea-

tors, who, unable to form a rational foundation for their music, tended all the more to accept any that was cogently expressed. Thus the New Romanticism spread over the musical world like creeping gas, while all the good little composers, sedulously conforming to popular taste, bulwarked their egos by hailing themselves as rebels from the standards of their predecessors.

But in all fairness to the critics, we must give them credit for a certain conservative tendency. The labor of a critic is greatly simplified if he can have yardstick canons of judgment to apply to all subjects. These canons represent currently accepted traditions. When an inspired young revolutionary, scorning the ignorance of his predecessors, threatened to play the bull in the china shop with the critics' formulae, the guild immediately outlawed him. Of course, if his innovations were more in accord with the popular taste than the existing canons, he was accepted over the heads of the critics, and a revision of formulae became necessary.

Thus on the side of musical appreciation we see the forces tending to emphasize the demand for sensuous elements in music to the detriment of its intellectual appeal. Corresponding influences operating through the creators of the Romantic Music, developed characteristics which made it the more acceptable to the public.

As has been pointed out, the classical composers were often maintained either by patrons as were Lully, Mozart and Haydn, or else like Bach, by municipalities. For the most part, they had no interest, other than their music, and isolated from society, they saturated themselves in it. They inherited a tradition of music as vocal rather than instrumental, as melodic contrasted with harmonic. The sensuous possibilities of pure melody soon exploited, they developed its architectoric side, until a carefully wrought fugue rivalled a geometrical demonstration for logical coherence.

The Romantic Musician, deprived of patronage and thrown on his own resources, had often to be many things beside a composer to keep body and wardrobe together. The usual profession was concert pianist or violinist, but there was a good chance of his being anything else—or if he were a Liszt, everything else. Beset with distractions, his composing suffered, and was subjugated to other interests. The concertist-composer wrote to suit his own technique and emphasized the bizarre, and the author-composer too often tried to confute his literary opponents in his music.

Citizens of the social world, the Romantic Composers found themselves astride the whirlwinds of popular emotion. Many of them were children of the French Revolution—conceived amid the crashing of the old orders. The isolation of classicism was past; theirs was the electric sympathy of mind with mind. Artistic cliques and coteries arose, and the composer, as well as the artist, the author and the poet, found himself swept into communion with others of his kind. The early Romanticism was a paean of revolt, of which Heine, weeping and sneering within the compass of a couplet, was the protagonist. The New Music tried to give all this, and finding its resources inadequate, drew on the other arts—von Weber rifled Hoffman's fantastic pig-

ments for his "Freischütz," Wagner levied contributions on all the arts and industries in the "Ring," and Scriabine experimented with his "color organ."

Significantly enough, the tools of the musician were undergoing a marvelous transformation. The virginal and harpsichord developed into the pianoforte, which, with the damper pedal added, was called by Mendelssohn, "the orchestra of the angels." New concert halls were built with marvelous acoustics, the orchestra was expanded and new instruments added which enormously enhanced its tonal possibilities. Orchestral composition experienced a corresponding change. The Romanticists paid increasing attention to the timbre of their instruments in writing for them. Their successors, the Realists, go only a step further when they claim to be able to give "idealistic significance" to music. The dramatic form so expanded by Strauss has this advantage over the symmetric form of classicism—it makes a sub-aesthetic appeal to its audience. With the aid of program notes, music is brought down to the level of the penny-thriller for those who can take it in no other form. Thus, a direct appeal is made to the vastest of all audiences—the uncomprehending concert-goer.

There is quite a bit to be said for this story-telling in symphonic form; it is the Christian Science of music—you discover what you expect to hear. It was Berlioz, Hector the Fiery, who started the ball rolling; Liszt took up the idea and tried to express Lamartine's poetry in symphonic poems; Tchaikowsky did the same for Shakespeare; Richard Strauss does it for Nietzsche and Richard Strauss. We may expect to see the day when the Philharmonic Orchestra will play the dissertations of Columbia University Ph. D.'s in Political Science, and W. G. Harding will send an expostulatory note to the Prince of Monaco arranged for a string quartet with concertina obligato.

Yet the musical future looks dark and foreboding. In ten years' time, we will have accepted Stravinsky and Schoenberg, as we have already put our mark of approval on Strauss and Debussy. Debarred from the "joy of the grape," we will seek to tipple vicariously in our chamber music, and a breed of "bibulists" will excoriate our "realists" of today as "hidebound Conservatives." Poor Polyhymnia! I fear when next we meet, you will have discarded your classic garb, and, costumed in particolored tights that will reveal your Olympian grace to gloating eyes, you will be Eva-Tanguaying across a vaudeville stage.

Things For Granted

By RICHARD KIRK

I take things for granted now,
Without more ado,
Growing in my easy way
As great a fool as you.

Stucco and Stone

(TO J. P. B.)

By EDMUND WILSON, Jr.

I

By summer seas that lull your flight,
  By drowsy shores serenely old,
In gleaming towns of rose and white,
  You will find bodies burnt to gold—

There where the waves are brought to heel,
  There where the Alps, no longer free,
Come down like elephants to kneel
  Beside the glazed and azure sea;

Or—parched for yellow, rose and red—
  Where madder, rose and yellow rot,
Gay drooping palaces that wade
  Green waters ordurous and hot.

II

Yes: you will find the silver-tinselled night,
  The mirror of the East that takes her hue—
    But I, the dusky-toned, the dry, the brown,
But I, the city crowned with that clear light
  Which roofs the streets with crystal white and blue,
    And cuts the cypress black above the town—

That clearest light which, biting the straight stone,
  The low-domed hills, clipped sharp the cliffs of Hell—
    That pure and candid radiance, bright to blind,
Which brims the valley, where a vision shone
  That fled like snow—too infinite to tell!—
    Or like the Sibyl's leaves before the wind.

III

Florence or Nancy—Nancy nobly cold!—
Ah, still in dreams I ride again as once
The northern roads and late re-enter there,

Below white August clouds with rounded bellies,
The great high thin-ribbed gates of black and gold
And stand in the wide Eighteenth Century square
Beneath stone urns atop gray-yellow fronts—
Yes, still I seek down vistas of Callot,
With yellow leaves along the linden alleys,
Old houses in a sober brass-trimmed row,
Leaf-freshened courts, clear windows long and low,
And the gray ancient gods,
That bear about their battered empty pods
The Eighteenth Century on pose and face
In fresh indelible grace.

To a Road Runner

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

O bird of lonely trails that end in haze,
You have been given speed, and you are friend
To riders down these opal-tinted days
Less lonely for you, but to what an end
Leads all your swiftness with no place in mind?
A whimsey to be speeding just ahead
Of something else, with nothing there to find,
May leave you poor as any thing you led.

There is a madness in you that is known
To dreamers on the lonely trails where thought
Speeds on from darkly moving shadow thrown
Upon the sands behind, and so uncaught
Turns off at last into a quiet place—
Long thrilled, perhaps, with nonsense of the race!

Gaslight

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

CHIKA, turn out the gas, I'm telling you! Turn out the gas!"

The voice of Joshua Kopolov's father rang unpleasantly through the silent tenement flat. Joshua Kopolov, a pale young man, with Slavic features, meekly obeyed and turned off the gas in his room. It was a usual occurrence, but there was a ghostly light on his face as he undressed in the dark.

Joshua's father was bony and ugly and had a face whose skin was so tightly drawn that it curled around his teeth. He had almost no lips. But he had a mean loud voice that would issue like a monster out of the appalling cavern of his mouth. It was a living menacing monster in that abject helpless family of ten. If one of the little children expressed a desire for an apple which was usually small and green and pock-marked out of the closet in his bedroom, where all the fruit was kept under lock and key, the voice would crawl out and turn the little desire into stone. If there was a quarrel among the children as to who had gotten the biggest apple the last time and who should get it now, the voice would grate horribly through the house, "Don't make so much noise, a plague on you all! Don't make so much noise!"

And the fat stepmother, a creature hung with heaviness, would look out of her hairy face in a grotesque slyness, and move about the flat, obsequiously obscene and slant-eyed, as though she were the hideous watcher of that voice.

To Joshua Kopolov alone the voice was not monstrous and terrifying. He was the oldest of eight children, and the only one working and paying for his room. In the sunshine of its gaslight his soul dreamed and grew. The shadowy light wove a cloak of unreality around his thoughts and actions. The outside world was dull and uninteresting, so he retired into himself looking for color and the stirring of great things. He had vague acquaintances, and knew a few girls through his sisters. Out of books and his own introspection he drew webs and words and shadows, writing verses by which people came to think of him mildly as a poet. He was intimate with nobody. Having lived all his life in Brooklyn since he was five, he wrote of mountains and oceans and forests, things that he had never seen with mature eyes. His mind moved along a silver ribbon of road woven in among trees. He felt that clear red sunlight and good brown earth were the real wine and bread of his spirit. But he never went out to taste all this, never really lived anywhere but in himself.

At the age of eighteen he had, however, achieved a sort of hunchbacked individuality in the tenement where he wrote. After years of fighting and clashing of wills and putting the nerves of his family on edge, he won the room to himself, separate and apart. But they still insisted on keeping their old and useless shoes in a drawer under his clothes-closet, and the dust of their

dead footsteps was in his heart, and he would always work himself into a nervous state of irritation whenever he thought of it. His father believed him off his mind, and told the neighbors he had a crazy son who talked to himself always. The dishevelled hags of the tenement eyed Josha with suspicion when he walked down stairs, and he squirmed inwardly, miserably self-conscious.

His step-mother never cleaned his room, and his father yelled at him constantly to turn out the gas. He would have moved long ago, but he was earning only twelve dollars in the shipping department of some obscure concern on Sixth Avenue where he worked. All day he worked in a black daze, and rode home abstractedly, the big waves of home-coming crowds surging and pounding against his introspection, rising cloudily as through dim glass. He walked home from the subway, unseeing, apart from the life in the streets, like some dark insect moving over the painting of life, not of it.

One autumn night he decided to walk all the way home. His way lay through the East Side, over the Williamsburgh Bridge into Brooklyn. He was half happy thinking of the much delayed bonus he was getting tomorrow. In a cheap restaurant he ordered a tomato salad that got its name from a half of a tomato incorporated into its being, and, pondering on people's dark affinities, he wondered who ate the other half of the tomato.

Down on the East Side, that autumn night, in the cool wind, the little Italian children were singing, "Glory! glory! Halleluiah!"

Joshua walked through the slums, singing with the children.

Up the dark stuffy stairways of those wretched tenements where a violin squeaked out the hope of some family hidden in the shadows, into the musty hallways filled with the vapors of soups and loud wrangling and quarreling, into the filthy basements, in through the flickering windows behind which women were sewing for numerous clinging infants, mothers big with child, into them, over them all the cool wind was blowing the young voices of little children singing, "Glory! glory! Halleluiah!"

Joshua's heart ached, as with some new unhapiness.

Down on the East Side in the cool, blowing wind the lights of the stores were bright; the sidewalks were lined with pushcarts whose smoking kerosene jets cast flaring ghastly quavers over the innumerable wares. Pedlars were gesticulating, warped women were buying, scraggly men were coming home from the factories, stuffed paper bags under their arms. Old men hobbled by and scampering urchins jabbed unceremoniously into passersby. In the gloom of high stoops boys and girls were flirting; the air was filled with the odors of rotting fruits and vegetables; there were crowds chattering in the gutters, the streets were littered with rubbish, —but over them, over them all the children were singing, "Glory! glory! Halleluiah!"

Around ten o'clock Joshua reached his house. He was profoundly affected. Mystical singing was in his brain. He lit the gas in the room. But soon the voice of his father, who was still awake,

resounded gratingly through the flat, "Go to sleep now, Chika. Don't sit now, and burn the gas all night."

Joshua was silent with resentment, but he went to bed, the world full of little children's voices.

The next day he received his bonus, and bought some long-desired books and pictures. He fingered the books tenderly, almost sensuously, and hung the pictures on his ugly green walls. He thought, hang not beautiful pictures on your walls, nor gather beautiful things around you, lest when the great moment comes and calls you, and you must go and go at once, you will hesitate for love of these beautiful things, and you will not go, and you will be lost forever. It's a great idea, he thought, I'll write about it. He dreamed, his breast full of tenderness for life. The sky was dark-blue outside. Clothes-lines in the distant backyards chirped like frogs in the hills at twilight. The curtains lifted and a soothing wind with lowered head stole softly in. He dreamed into the night, wrote and rewrote feverishly.

Suddenly he heard the sound of bare footsteps in the hallway. His heart thumped. He took off his jacket hurriedly and started undoing his tie. His father was before him, in dirty underwear, his face mean and bony.

"Why don't you go to sleep?" he shouted, "Why do you burn my gas the whole night? Why don't you turn the gas out? Do you think I'm going to support you all my life?"

The utter unreasonableness of the last few words overwhelmed the overstrung boy. He was struck dumb. "I'm going to sleep!" he mumbled. "I'm going to move out!"

"Move out, then!" his father yelled, his anger increasing. "Move out, then! Get out of here right now, move out right now! Go burn the gas somewhere else! You're burning my life out! Move out!" And he turned the light off on the boy who was trembling in a welter of emotion.

In the dark Joshua Kopolov undressed, burning feverishly, the delicate organism of his thinking completely shattered. He was going to move out, he would show his father. His father would be sorry, he would miss the ten dollars rent he was paying a month. He tossed about. He could not sleep. His beautiful poem was ruined. He tossed about. He felt hot, and began thinking of the girls he knew, visioning their arms about him. Women's faces swam before his eyes. Soft, round breasts were speaking forbidden words through thin gauze. He tossed about. The wall was icy as it touched his hot bare shoulder. It was as though the cold hand of the earth were warning him...

But Joshua did not move out in the ensuing months. He worked all winter in the musty cavern of the shipping department under the mouse face of the foreman who had a way of looking at him queerly as though he were suddenly and unexplainably guilty. And Joshua felt guilty inexplicably, and swore he would throw up the rotten job.

One night in December, unusually balmy for New York, he surprised even his family. He grasped the plump hands of his smudgy little step-brother, the youngest in the house, and danced with him crazily all over the kitchen, singing, chanting to his own tune:

"The heart of a young girl with a pretty
little face,

It goes thrum..it goes thrum..it goes thrum..
It goes thrum..
But the heart of the old maid who works in our place,
It goes bumpity, bumpity, bumpity, bump,
Bump, bump.
It goes bumpity, BUMP!"

His sisters laughed themselves to tears over it, and the older one cried,

"What's the matter with you, Josh? I never saw you like this!"

But he danced away as crazily as ever making the little baby jump with every "thrum" and "bump" till it giggled and choked with glee. His father looked on, grinning sheepishly, wondering dimly whether his son had gotten a raise.

In the bitter evenings that followed he sat in his freezing room in his overcoat drinking steaming tea, scribbling into the nights. The stove was at the other end of the house and he sat through the winter months, chilled and dumb. Often the gas-pipes of the tenement were frozen and the light in his room, whining and wheezing, dwindled down to the size of a candle flame. Then shadows, distorted and dismal, flickered on his walls, as the faces of his family, dim and unreal, flickered on the walls of his imagination, and the two mingled and were lost in each other in his brain. Shadows rose slowly, insinuatingly, behind the furniture, grasping at a strange nothingness, and drew back suddenly as though caught in some guilty, inconceivable act. The chairs, the table, the clothes-closet, became fantastically alive, and they sat around him, in a spectral aloofness, and out of their battered ominous faces they looked at him, judging him utterly. A big factory behind the backyards would move up silently in the night and put its large dark face against his frosted window, and he would be startled perceiving it. Out of that black atmosphere and that whining yellow flame bloomed his curious and morbid fungi of thought.

Going to work in the snow-carpeted hush of mornings was for him a radiant abstraction, a glittering forgetfulness hanging over the road between the cave of sleep and the cavern of the shipping department. But each homecoming was actual and specific. His consciousness was vague and spread over innumerable days, and he felt his homecomings raining through it down into his heart. Out of the steady rain of his homecomings, slowly and steadily like a flower, there grew in his heart some beautiful, unimagined departure.

But it was not till spring finally came that something definite happened in him. The clouds of his dreams were no longer piled in dirty hills of snow in the streets of his mind. Green things were stirring. He heard voices, and crowds of chaotic emotions thronged through his breast, as on the eve of a revolt.

One day his job was especially hard and nerve-wracking. He had worked himself into a religious resentment and fury against his foreman, his father, his home, his own life. At the rush hour, from the bottom of the tall windy stairs of a subway exit, he looked up and saw the throbbing bodies of vast crowds ascending to some high dim light, as if it were the resurrection, and the struggling multitudes were at last rising to the ultimate heavens.

It drizzled that evening, but he walked over Brooklyn for hours in the

mist, a burning in his heart, talking to himself, cursing and dreaming.

Midnight found him walking home through the tenement streets, his breast still torn, tumultuous, his hands trembling. He felt loose and heavy about his shoulders as though he were carrying the huge darkness of the night home on his back. He was at odds with himself, with the world, with life. The gnawing of the subway trains was in his ears, the raging of their gnashing teeth of steel, crunching his bone and being. Thick breath, hot and dusty, puffed into his face, into his eyes, suffocating, killing, melting his vitality.

To work away his eager years in a skimpy oblivion, to wrap packages with sticky cord, to lift squatting, stubborn, dirty bundles, earning twelve dollars, eating, sleeping, moving in meaningless pantomime through an empty nightmare, earning twelve dollars....it was maddening him, it was searing his brain.

He walked through the dark street his heart raw with crying. "God All Mighty!" he muttered. "God All Mighty!"

A clean spring wind, washed by the rain, ran ahead. The curtain of his introspection rose slowly. The silence was filled with lights, like tears they were, running down the blurred face of the silence. The hostile lines of houses stared at each other in some utter surprise, like the dawn of a grotesque understanding. The lamp-posts stood kneedeep in pools of light on the sidewalks, and a black, unheard river of pavement flowed softly between. And softly in the distance a tiny elevated train moved, a thin gleam between the closed eyelids of sleep.

The shadowy struggling waters of his mind were sheer with great probing light. He had a vision of a golden revolution, some nebulous golden revolution. A million offices filled with typewriters and vague voices, offices coughing and snickering high in the air are suddenly struck dumb. All the factory machines clawing at themselves in agony are suddenly at a stand-still. Every tenement gas-lamp is suddenly shattered, as of itself, and there is light in the streets, light...light...light... Music sweeps the land like a storm. People meet in eager groups on the corners. A man runs past, his face lifted, his hair tugged back by the wind.

The sound of a casual door shutting becomes drama, assumes an enormous significance, complete and final. A passing footfall pats consolingly some grieving silence brooding in a deserted room. Mystical chanting rings in the blood, and loneliness walks unheeded among singing multitudes. Millions of voices rise confused, tangled, like bewildered smoke. There are new longings and new fulfillments. Dreams are glowing with unheard of colors. And a great freedom sails down a quivering ocean of hearts.

There are vast audiences before him, and he is standing on a vast platform. He is in the light of millions of shining eyes. The midnight of the earth is behind him, listening... He is talking, his mind tense, every nerve in him vibrant and living.

"Look into your souls, my friends," he is saying, "look into your souls! There is a circle of fire in every soul, a circle of great revealing fire! It is the revelation and the fulfillment! It is turning...it is spinning, splashing the

world with light, splashing the tall walls of the fog of life, moving...piercing the mists of poverty, the clouds of ignorance. It is the revelaton and the fulfillment! It is the ultimate revelation and the fulfillment! The world is thronged with the carnival of the soul! Look into your souls, my friends, the circle of fire is burning!"

There is shouting...and there is crying... There is a sound as of big waves clapping, the thunderous applause of seas.

The vision trailed away in his mind, vagueness in its wake, and he thought to himself, they will say of him, "He wrote verses in his youth." He smiled, inwardly.

He passed a cellar bakery baking bread all night long for some far silver morning. A white baker walked out, like a ghost, but he did not see. The warm, pleasant smell of flour was in his nostrils, and he remembered his childhood in Russia, and how he had sobbed his heart out for a denied flute, his face buried in earth and grass. He was running down the long road again, his tiny fist tight about a groschen, to the little old woman in the shadow of the cloister, who sold gigantic glasses of ripe, crimson cherries.

In blue silk breeches and red silk blouse he was again visiting his rich uncle Grischa in Odessa. He remembered how, at twilight, he had lost his way buying a bag of peanuts around the corner, and how he had asked the way of a little child toiling bravely through the mud of an unpaved street, and how he had given him some of his peanuts. He could not forget the little boy he had given a handful of peanuts to more than fifteen years ago. It was beautiful, it was all wonderful.

He walked up the stoop, in a dream, unseeing, up the five musty flights, loose in every limb, heavy, the house sinking with each step he took.

The family was asleep, his brothers, his sisters, his fat step-mother, his lean illiterate father. He lit the gas in his room and sat down without taking his hat off. He had a terrific headache and felt his head filled with smoke and cotton.

Before long came the rasping voice of his father who never seemed to be asleep.

"Chika, turn out the gas!"

There was silence.

"Chika, turn the gas out!"

"All right, all right," he muttered from habit.

A pang of anger went through him.

It was always this way, always. Reality, like an old hag, nagging at him with trifles, rupturing his vision, poking ugly elbows into his thoughts, nudging him crazily, obstinately, everlastingly.

Joshua Kopolov hated his father, loathed him with every fiber. His father was a moron, a murderer, the murderer of his mother. He knew. The physician at the asylum had said it was cerebral hemorrhage, but he, alone, in all the world knew. His father had murdered her, by a mean detestable trick had murdered her, had dragged her away from her children, had brought on the violent anger and despair that had caused her death... But he had long ago resigned himself to his hate...

He turned off the light and lay down

in his damp clothes, his head screaming, the silence roaring in his ears. Great sobs convulsed his slender body; like a child he sobbed, for his mother, for himself, for the denied flute of happiness. The dark room throbbed over his young broken manhood.

Sometime he would tell a startled world the story of his mother, her failure and oblivion in the promised land. Out of the frozen loneliness of wild steppes, out of a dark heritage, out of tormented ideals, out of her flesh and blood and brain she had sowed the seeds for America's reaping, daughters for its monotonous offices, sons for its hideous factories. She moved tenderly, like rain, among the pale petal faces of her children, instilling into them the sadness that was her life, the sorrow that was her love. The blue sky climbed away over the uneven steps of the tenement roofs, leaving her crushed and stunted, forgotten, in the cold, dank cellar beneath.

His grief poured through him in streams for hours, washing away the wreckage of the years, cleansing him because the waters were strong. And peace came to him, peace of new life and new hope stole around his tightened heart, wounded with perplexity.

He would go away, he would go far, far away. He would not let anybody know. He would throw out of his heart the worn dusty shoes of his family, he would tear himself away from dead footsteps. He would leave the tenement, the shipping department, the mouse face of his foreman, he would leave everything, he would turn out the gaslight of his life forever.

His mind ran ahead and opened the door. He saw new cities and the open country side. The towers of Chicago loomed through the mist like the ghostly spars of some huge ship. A tall, shadowy form on a windy hill gazing at plains of sunlight fleeing in the distance. The train rode on...on...on... carrying him away.

He rose in the dark, his imagination fired. He groped for an old wooden filing case, and took out his year's savings. He thought of turning on the light to spite his father....

Eager, exultant, stumbling down the stairs, he walked out into the darkness, into the world, in search of new light.....

Optimist

By EDWARD SAPIR

Kicked in the belly
By the gentlemen of Fate,
"Ah yes," he says,
"I am a kettle-drum;
I mark the rhythm
Of the universal symphony."

Nora

By JEAN TOOMER

HER soul is like a little thrust-tailed dog that follows her, whimpering. She is large enough I know, to find a warm spot for it. But each night when she comes home and closes the big outside storm door, the little dog is left in the vestibule, filled with chills till morning. Someone ...eoho Jesus...soft as a cotton boll brushed against the milk-pod cheek of Christ, will steal in and cover it that it need not shiver, and carry it to her where she sleeps upon clean hay cut in her dreams.

When you meet her in the daytime on the streets, the little dog keeps coming. Nothing happens at first, and then, when she has forgotten the streets and alleys, and the large house where she goes to bed of nights, a soft thing like fur begins to rub your limbs, and you hear a low, scared voice, lonely, calling, and you know that a cool something nozzles moisture in your palms. Sentitive things, like nostrils, quiver. Her breath comes sweet as honeysuckle whose pistils bear the life of coming song. And her eyes carry to where builders find no need for vestibules, for swinging on iron hinges, storm doors.

Her soul is like a little thrust-tailed dog that follows her, whimpering. I've seen it tagging on behind her, up streets where chestnut trees flowered, where dusty asphalt had been freshly sprinkled with clean water. Up alleys where niggers sat on low door-steps before tumbled shanties and sang and loved. At night, when she comes home, the little dog is left in the vestibule, nosing the crack beneath the big storm door, filled with chills till morning. Someone...eoho Jesus...soft as the bare feet of Christ moving across bales of Southern cotton, will steal in and cover it that it need not shiver, and carry it to her where she sleeps: cradled in dream fluted cane.

Tragedy

By PAUL S. NICKERSON

The sunlight presses
Against the shoji,
But only my old husband
Enters here.

The Drama on Fire

By HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

FOR a time—one exalted and thrilling hour—the flame of the Revolution changed from red to white and like some shimmering temple towered wonderfully over Germany. It drew aloft millions of eyes and hearts, sick with the nausea of earth. It was like a gigantic altar-fire which this folk of dreamers and proletarian philosophers felt they had kindled upon the blood-blasted, cinder-smothered stone on which War had just been busily butchering his sacrifices. Sancta Humanitas seemed triumphant over the red craziness. Something was coming out of chaos after all. Militarism everywhere wiped from its plinths of bronze and marble! Release from the sin-stuffed Past—ah, hope that came upon them like a dream, a slinking opiate! Universal fraternization reached or would soon reach hands across the world like the rainbow of a new dispensation—a bridge! Above it the Soviet star darted its rose-red rays. World Revolution! A new world!

Then came the Great Disillusion—for one thing the unbudging wall of the continued Hunger Blockade. The mandibles and tentacles of the Past, the Old World, the Old System, embedded themselves in this stuff of altruistic dreams. Party strife yelped—a nine-headed Cerberus. The only reflection of the White Fire was that playing upon millions of bayonets—seas of steel upon all horizons. Then came Versailles, the fall of the curtain, the fall of the ax. Then the flame sank, the flame stank—guttered.... Now only a few sparks are left. But a single spark suffices, as we know, to....

We mourn the green, unfulfilled genius that went down in the war. But I for one mourn the genius that was fed by this afflatus, this vision of humanity redeemed—genius that was whipped for one brief nuptial flight with Death into productive, high-keyed ecstacy by this mirage upon the desert of Europe, then tossed crashing into the limbo of hopelessness, sterility, silence.

Many of these may have been airy talents, though they have left work heavy with the lava of the moment. The greatest of them all has happily been preserved from the fate of absorption by the inplacable afterwardness of things, though it has taken prison-walls to do it. This is Ernst Toller, student, proletarian, poet and dramatist—the most dominant and flagrant genius hatched by the German Revolution. Toller was in fact an actor, a leader in it. And he was of the most dangerous type—an aggressive thinker, an inspired poet, a headlong youth carrying his heart in his hand now as a torch, now as a conch. Today, at the beggarly age of tweny-six, he is a prisoner in the Bavarian fortress of Niederschőenfeld for his part in the Bavarian Insurrection of 1919. His gift of dramatic creation may be said to have saved him from the twelve bullets of the firing squad—unusual, yet in this

instance, characteristic concession on the part of the art-adoring Barvarian monarchists.

Toller's first play was called *"Wandlung"* (Transformation), in six stations of the *via crucis* of war. He was himself the hero, and led us into the external and internal hells and horrors he underwent from the first day of the red overture of war to his own transmogrification." Scenes never before risked upon a stage were presented as matters-of-course in this torrential play. Thus in the *Vorspiel,* or foreplay, so to speak, the War Death (in steel helmet and military gear) and the Civilian Death (in top hat and gaiters) meet on a vast field of graves—to strike a balance in their business. The War Death calls his victims, officers and men, out of their graves and commands a parade—a scene of immense *macabre* power. The play closes with the demolition of a statue upon which the hero has been working—"Our Victorious Nation," a symbolic act which reveals at one blow the anti-national urge of the German intellectual proletariat. There is a Christ-like exhortation to the multitude to join hands, to destroy bastilles, but to deal gently with the erring —for the Poet-Dramatist is terrified by the Terror.

This play paved the way (with crosses, graves, prison-stones, fragments of the social order) for his greater work *"Masse Mensch."* This strange drama seizes and shakes and harrows up its audiences somewhere in Germany night after night. The play, "a visionary show," as Toller calls it, was the product of a kind of spiritual eruption. The student-poet flung it upon paper in October, 1919, in two days and a half, hiding himself in his cell like an animal, refusing food, refusing to have the cell cleaned, refusing to talk with comrades. But he spent a whole year in giving it higher form and finish.

Ernst Toller is more than a proletariat party dramatist, sinking art in theory and political polemics. He offers his fire and brimstone in vessels shaped by art. The artist in him rejects all compromises with his esthetic conscience. The dramatist in him sees always both sides of both sides. His passion is humanity and he is a truculent protagonist for the rights of the Masses, but his championship is never blind, he preserves the balance necessary to create true drama. He sees the eternal human-all-too-human wrecking the very cause of humanity.

"Masse Mensch"—the title translates but lamely and baldly into "Mass Mankind" or "Man in the Mass,"—is a dramatic conflict between the abstract state and the spirit of the Masses. The play is divided into "pictures" and these again into "real" and "dream" pictures. The characters are nameless—Workmen, Workwomen, the Nameless One, Officer, Priest, Man, Bankers, Prisoners, Guards, Shadows. Only the heroine, Sonia Irene L., a woman of the caste of officials who makes common cause with the workers, is given a name —significantly Russian. She is the Blue Woman embodying Love doomed to crucifixion, relentless loyalty to Truth—herself the human sacrifice.

The scenes are intensely visionary, the language lyrical, yet the dramatic seizure never loosens, but knots up the loose structure of the play into a glowing chain. This chain, like some great

transmission cable, keeps racing forward, bearing the scenery and characters over profounds that seem dramatic impossibilities. Some of the scenes are merely projections of the dreams and visions of the heroine Sonia—events that enact themselves upon the stage of her own soul. The "Mass-Man" is incorporated in the "Nameless One," who appears first in this scene ,then in that, revealing the face of the Mass, now as Might, now as Madness, now as God, now as Destiny, now as Guilt. The human relationship between the revolutionary Sonia and her orthodox husband, faithful to his post and to the State, is brought to bear poignantly at times, but it is secondary to the real theme and the real forces of the play. These may be summed up as Man against Man, the Mass against its confines, the Will-to-Power of the Multitude flattering itself with a formula of Release.

The performance at the Volksbühne in Berlin was staged by Hans Strohbach and remains memorable for its almost naked simplicity and stark relief. The background was in many cases only an enormous dark curtain with heavy, almost cast-iron-like folds or the opalescent distances and twilights of the *Kuppel-Horizont*. The actors were kept from being swallowed up in these gulfs of shadow by adroit cross and top lights which tore them out of the darkness and as it were kept them afloat on a middle plane. This world was Limbo, a prison-dusk lay over all and the fallow, corpse-like light in which mysteries or abominations breed. This light, this atmosphere, worked mightily upon the spectator who sat rigid as in a vice, between dramatic enthrallment and esthetic wonder—as before some grim painting by Goya.

The characters were crassly realistic in their dress,—bald, commonplace, negligent garb,—without the slightest concession to the theatrical. But this dress, exhibited on the stage as in a show-window, became eloquent, became active. These were the rough, untidy garments of the proletariat—they spoke, they sobbed of grime and use, the dull, drab husks of prisons, real prisons and symbolic, those of the soul and of the body and of civilization. The actors, especially those of the crowds, seemed devoid of all make-up, seemed scooped up out of some metropolitan mob-slum, factory serfs with grim, hard-bitten, suffering faces, fanatic eyes, faces shining with sweat or with oil, the sweat of the machines. Their speech was feverish, hoarse, ejaculatory—the speech of men and women who were being chewed between the jaws of Crisis and Catastrophe. Only the voices of the Priest, the Officer, the Companion, intoned their lines in the serene conviction of power. The text is blank verse, rude, irregular, spasmodic, yet full of immense compressive and explosive power.

The First Picture: Sonia Irene L. in a blue, one-piece garment with the "comrades" in the rear room of a workmen's tavern—a clumsy table, a bottle, a few chairs against the drapery of a ponderous curtain. Plans, consultations for the strike, the revolt. Then the challenge to her loyalty. Follows the clash with her husband, the quiet, dignified incarnation of Loyalty to the State, coldly reproachful. She wavers, longs for him womanishly, but casts in her lot with the workers.

The Second is a Dream Picture: A blue, spasmodic light sings forth from the triangular opening between ponderous draperies, a beautiful yet sulphurous and sinister illumination. Against this in inky silhouette, a pillar or two, a stock-clerk at a desk and on a chair, both unnaturally stilt-like, a suggestion of the Stock Exchange. Several harpy-like old men in matt top-hats, frock-coats and spats, bark and cry. The pother of the Exchange goes up, eerie cries, bell-ringings, the monotonous, demoniacal voice of the Clerk like a croupier noting the bids — war-stocks. "Flame-thrower Trust." "War Prayer-book Syndicate." "Poison-gas Concern," etc. The bankers like obese ghouls, crouching on a flight of steps in a dim grey cross light, and discussing the financial effects of the last offensive. The blue background shifts to red, then to green. The Woman and Her Companion appear. Sonia holds out her arms and cries: O Man, O Men! and vanishes. Silence. Then, squeaking and gibbering, the spookish pandemonium proceeds, with the Financiers dancing round the tall desk of the Clerk.

The Third Picture: Darkness. Vague, pallid spots glimmering to the very top of the proscenium arch. An orotund chorus comes swelling into the theatre, as from vast distances:

> O we, forever wedged between
> The gulches of steep houses—
> O we delivered up
> To mechanisms of sardonic systems—
> We the visageless in nights of tears,
> We forever disparted from our mothers,
> Out of the gulfs of factories we call.
> When shall we live life?
> When shall we work at the Work?
> When shall Deliverance come?

The obscurity melts. A high pyramid of human forms and faces becomes visible, piled thickly together like a segment of an amphitheatre high above a small platform. A meeting of the workers. Strike?" "Revolution?" Speeches, violent, brutal, demanding the imperative of force, or soft and full of pacifistic persuasiveness, go shuttling to and fro. The Crowd is lashed into pitching rapids, to wild outcries, then stricken to silent lumps of slag. "Mass is Leadership!" "Mass is Power!" "Mass is Right!" "Mass is Action!"

The Fourth Picture is again a *Traumbild*, one of the most eerie and impressive of all. It is a phantasmagoric sketch in sanguine and bitumen of humanity's great prison. A catastrophic, evil murk, great rocks,—or are they walls?—lean top-heavily from the sides, like forbidding presences, watching. In the center on the ground there is a bluish-greenish light, smouldering like something submarine or phosphorescent. A man with shorn head in loose purple garb stands on a low flat box of black which contains the lantern. His attitude is grotesque and strained, an accordion hangs loose between his outstretched hands. A doleful chorus, a ribald lamentation, a kind of jail-bird's *De Profundis* resounds slowly—a grim, almost majestic choral. The concertina squeaks and belches. Shadows in prison-dress arise, chains rattle—an abominable dance of wrenched joints and stiffened limbs begins. The music grows slimy and lascivious, then ponderous and plodding, then whips itself into drunkenness and fury. A Man, red as blood from head to foot, comes in.

The chorus of the Death-doomed.

Prostitutes. Again the dance. Parti-colored light from above falls segmentally upon the writhing mass, like the ribs of a many-colored revolving fan, lashing them on, spinning them round, round, round. The Blue Woman appears, her Companion, then the Husband. Guards. A metamorphosis of faces and persons. The Husband is seen standing against the wall—rifles are raised. The Blue Woman takes her place beside him. Salvoes—of under-earthly laughter.

The Fifth Picture brings the apex of the Revolution. A broad flight of steps, as in the hall or lobby of a public building, steps leading nowhere, cut off by curtains. Fighting in the streets—barricades. Sonia and the Nameless One. Man is slaughtering man—Sonia's voice is uplifted in terrible protest. Scout after scout arrives with black news. The curve of feverish tension climbs steeper and steeper. Furious debates. Shots and shouts without. Suddenly an avalanche of revolutionaries in flight, men and women, drab and dingy, but with blazing eyes and streaming hair, bursts into the hall and floods up the steps. They press close to one another, then turn like harried animals at bay. Salvo upon salvo without. The thunder of great doors slammed shut and barricaded. The thunder of great doors battered in. A cry: "We die together!"

With convulsed, ecstatic faces, with outstretched hands and heads the human pyramid thunders forth the "Internationale" with its devastating music of the *"Marseillaise"* ploughing up and kindling every heart—a living bastion of revolt. Volleys of song answer the hammering machine-guns. The heads of soldiers appear—rifles—then a cool, spick-and-span lieutenant, steel-helmeted, with drawn sword. At the officer's command, the hands, but now outstretched in strained horizontal lines like defiant lances, lift themselves to the vertical. Sonia, the woman in Blue, the Instigatress, is led off.

The Sixth is once more a Dream Picture. Space—crystal clear, limitless, flooded with light. In the center a great rounded cage in a nimbus of still intenser light. Within this cage, huddled together, the figure of Sonia. Close beside the cage the Purple Companion. Now gigantic shadows climb to the zenith and lurch by in an awe-inspiring apocalyptic procession,—headless shadows, victims of the Revolution, droning down accusations from the firmament. Sonia in answer supports the charges, accuses herself. The human clouds vanish, Three Bankers appear, squawking quotations. A train of convicts comes and sways monotonously round the cage. A Voice rolls out of the Infinite: "The Mass!" *The Caged One:* "God!" *An Echo:* "The Mass." *The Caged One:* . "The Mass is Must. "The Mass is Guiltlessness. God is Guilty." *Echo:* "Guilty! Guilty, Guilty!" *The Companion:* "God is in Thee." The Prisoners raise their arms, like mechanisms. The stage darkens.

The Last and Seventh Scene: A Prison Cell. A square of ground glass glimmers. The Woman in Blue at a table:

> O paths through ripening fields of wheat
> In days of August—
> O wanderings in wintry hills ere dawn-light broke!
> O tiny beetle in the breath of noon—
> O world!....

The Husband enters. Death sentence not confirmed. Forgiveness. "I warned you against the Mass. Who roots it up, roots up Hell!" A final debate, Love—Duty—Humanity—the State. Her arms burn to embrace him—he goes. Then comes the Nameless One, tempting her to flee. Again the changes are wrung upon the ever-shifting characters and countenance of the Mass.

Sonia:

I would betray the Masses
Were I to claim a single human life.
The Doer can only offer up himself.
Hear then! no man must slaughter man
For thing or cause,
Unholy is the cause that urges this.
Whoso demandeth blood is Moloch.
God was Moloch.
The State was Moloch.
The Mass was Moloch.

The Nameless One:

And who—and what—is holy?

Sonia:

Some time—
Communality—
The Free Folk in the Common Task united,
Free Mankind in the common task united.
The Task! the Folk!

The Priest stalks in—to save a soul—and bears with him the doctrine that man is evil, and the dusty air of creed, commandment, civilization. The officer comes, bearing the Death Sentence. "Orders are Orders." The Woman in Blue goes out. Enter two female prisoners, grey, bedraggled vultures. One pounces upon the loaf of bread upon the table, the other upon a mirror, a silk cloth. They conceal these. A volley re-echoes from the prison-yard. The two she-prisoners are startled, shaken into remorse: "Sister, what makes us do this?" They put the things back.

Sonia's bullet-riddled breast is not yet cold, yet her sacrifice has already borne good fruit. And at the close of this flaming drama two forces confront each other as before—the State is Moloch—the Mass is Moloch. But even in the symbolism of the last action in the last act, Property and the Rights of Property utter their immemorial *noli me tangere*—touch me not!

Resurrection

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

Within the cavernous
Shadow-filled orbits
Of a saint's skull,
Unearthed by the greedy snouts
Of hungry jackals,
Two fireflies
Startled,
Beating in terror
Their luminous wings.

Towards Walt Whitman

By PIERRE LOVING

TO refer to a movement in poetry as verging back towards Whitman will appear to many, in view of the prevailing obscurantism, frequently studied in so much modern verse, in the light of a theory slightly cramped and far fetched. It would be far more accurate and pointed, I shall doubtless be told, to cite Arthur Rimbaud, Jules Laforgue and Paul Fort as the immediate forbears of contemporary drifts and tendencies than Walt Whitman. Why then, it will be asked, do I row in this galley? For, as Professor Irving Babbitt might put it (if he has not already done so), we are headed for a prolonged reign not only of Whimsy, but of infinite Whirl in letters, and the intractable playboys of the day are Henri Bergson, Sigmund Freud and James Joyce. Well, to be sure, we have indeed enjoyed a fruit-bearing season of complexity and whimsy, just as, following the reign of Charles the Second, the English drama had its period of heady wit and general laxness in moral viewpoint. But from present signs on all sides, growing more significant from day to day, we are apparently moving gradually away from this phase. For one thing, our fashionable *vers de psychoanalyse* is, if I do not miss my guess, being rapidly superseded by something other, something more primordial and roughhewn, something darkly earthy like blackish roots, something travailing like birth and love and death.

Amongst our distinguished younger contemporary poets we have, to be sure, on the one flank such men as T. S. Eliot and Aldous Huxley; but it must not be forgotten that on the other we have, to name only two of the English group, D. H. Lawrence and Anna Wickham. In America, too, the leprechaun-like Alfred Kreymborg is counterbalanced by the new phase of John Gould Fletcher, as reflected, for example, in his "Lincoln" and "Clipper Ships." And this volte-face on the part of so experimental a poet as Fletcher is far more significant than appears on the surface. But even if this were not so, we can still conjure the names of Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay and Robert Frost, to mention only three of the better known American poets, in order to point to the tenacious virility of the indigenous American vein, a vein which, it cannot be doubted, properly starts from the pioneer effort of Walt Whitman, no matter how far it may have wandered from his purely idiosyncratic manner. By the younger generation, too, a sort of treaty of goodwill is by way of being patched up with the hovering spirit of Walt; and this calls up the not belated pourparler offered the Good Gray Poet by Pound, voicing, as I firmly believe, a sincere change of heart on the part of the younger poet.

The poem is well worth giving in full:

> I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman—
> I have detested you long enough,
> I come to you as a grown child
> Who has had a pigheaded father:
> I am old enough to make friends.
> It was you who broke the new wood,
> Now is the time for carving.
> We have one sap and one root—
> Let there be commerce between us.

This is perhaps an unwonted role for the Peck's Bad Boy of American poetry to assume after so many fluctuating peeves and tantrums, but it is, if nothing else, a brave gesture not without its deeper significance for us. True, Ezra Pound is not, strictly speaking, seeing eye to eye with Walt Whitman; we do not expect it of him, and if he saw thus his influence would be grossly undermined and weakened. What is invaluable about it, however, is the mere acknowledgment of large indebtedness which all modern poets who employ free forms owe to the path-breaker along this line, Walt Whitman. And Ezra Pound is not alone in paying this homage; others, attached to both the older and younger generation, are also sidling up to, and sharing the protecting warmth of the early American poet who can be said to have truly opposed his own obdurate generation alone, without the succor or moral backing of a solid group. In his languid youth Ezra Pound, it will be recollected, used to preen himself on the fact that his emotions, if he possessed any at all, were probably vain and coxcombish and very likely identical with those of a *maitre de café*. That lackadaisical pose, for pose it certainly was, is perceptibly slipping from his grasp, and the business of life and literature now confronts our celebrated emigré as intensely grave, perhaps equally as grave as the onerous effort expended in being lighthearted and flippant. Thus one's own genius takes its subtle revenge.

Let us admit at once that Pound and other experimental moderns such as Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, Carl Sandburg and Lola Ridge, have advanced a step beyond Whitman; while a number of other poets, amongst them being James Oppenheim, are quite contented to be not precisely imitative, for that would be extremely unfair to them, but slightly recessive or reminiscent. Where Whitman and his closest followers are inclined to be sprawlingly diffuse, unpruned and idle, these poets—and among them I include Pound—are often brief and lean and wisely compact. The word "concision," a favorite one with the author of "Lustra" and "Instigations," sounds most sharply the dominant note of this loose group, and it is also in a sense delimits its pervading method and aim. Wherein this group approaches Whitman can be best observed in such a poem as Pound's "Ortus," for example; the divagations from his rich exuberance and overflow will also be apparent here. Two stanzas, the first and last, will make clear my meaning:

> How I have labored?
> How have I not labored
> To bring her soul to birth,
> To give these elements a name and a centre.
>
> I beseech you to enter your life.
> I beseech you to learn to say "I"
> When I question you:
> For you are no part but a whole;
> No portion, but a being.

By rich exuberance and overflow I do not, of course, mean to charge Whitman with lacking sufficient consciousness as

an artist; for those who have read his "Specimen Days" and his miscellaneous prose recently collected by Professor Emory Holloway know that he labored diligently to exorcise from his poems both redundancies and poetical *clichés*. But in the modern users of free rhythm there is evident a spareness of phrasing, a clean-cut shaping of images that reminds one of Blake, on the one hand, and of the recovered fragments of Sappho, on the other. Then, of course, there is always the Chinese and Japanese influence which must not, I believe, be underrated in any adequate survey of modern verse.

I have already spoken of John Gould Fletcher and his recent apparent throwback to the intrinsic Whitman strain. This is most visible in the two poems mentioned above, "Lincoln" and "Clipper Ships." The former opens as follows:

> There is a silence abroad in the land to-day,
> And in the hearts of men, a deep and anxious silence;
> And, because we are still at last, those bronze lips slowly open,
> These hollow and weary eyes take on the gleam of light.

In both these poems, as in others written in his latest phase, Fletcher shows himself to be sage and skilfully selective, enough so, at all events, to put behind him what another young poet of our time, one of the youngest in fact, Mark Turbyfill, aptly calls "vain enumeration." Nevertheleses his idiom has at last become thoroughly American and, what is more, it carries a fine music with it, lifting from the solemn or earnest groundswell which is indeed the very blood and bone of the older poet. In the latest fugitive poems of Amy Lowell I seem also to detect this overtone of a Whitman atavism. In the November issue of *The Broom,* that so very American international magazine, Miss Lowell is represented by a fine poem entitled "Lilacs," in which it would appear, we are, alongside much packed beauty, treated to recrudescence of something like the Whitmanesque "enumeration." I take the liberty of culling the following lines:

> Maine knows you,
> Has for years and years;
> New Hampshire knows you,
> And Massachusetts
> And Vermont.
> Cape Cod starts you along the beaches of Rhode Island;
> Connecticut takes you from a river to the sea.

Have we not in "Lilacs" a flavor of that searching beautiful objectivity of which Whitman is so able a master? And then comes the perfectly natural and novice-like transcendence, as of the young Raphael over Perugino; but notice how gradual the departure in the present poem. If we study it carefully we will find, strangely enough, mirrored in it the sum total of the progress of poetry from Whitman to the choicest moderns; the changes are patiently discernable here, but they are small and subtle, as in a microcosm. To continue our quotation:

> You are brighter than apples,
> Sweeter than tulips,
> You are the great flood of our souls
> Bursting above the leaf-shaped hearts
> You are the smell of all summers.
> The love of wives and children,
> The recollection of the gardens of little children,
> And the familiar treading of the foot to and fro on a road it knows.
> May is lilac here in New England,
> May is a thrush singing "Sun-up" on a tiptop ashtree,
> May is white clouds behind pine-trees
> Puffed out and marching upon a blue sky,

May is a green as no other,
May is much sun through small leaves.
May is soft earth.

It will be urged, no doubt, that Miss Lowell has survived many tempers and fashions since the appearance of her "Dome of Many-Colored Glass;" she has passed through the complex phases of Imagism, through the vivid impress of the coeval French poets, notably Paul Fort, and, finally, she has been touched by the Chinese influence. All the more remarkable then that her work still retains original pitch and vitality and bears eloquent witness to the hardy Whitman stock which stands for us as the sole genuine purely native poetical heritage.

When we fix our attention on the youngest generation of American poets, not to speak of the English, it is a little difficult, if not futile, to seek to unravel the predominant threads in the war-tinted texture. *Les Jeunes,* in this country at all events, obstinately balk at being pigeon-holed, largely, I suppose, because there is no concrete school or coterie or group. In a recent article in *The Literary Review* Mr. Henry B. Fuller implied that the youngest generation is centered around Miss Harriet Monroe in the *Poetry* office on Cass Street, Chicago. Unfortunately, this is misleading for the reason that this adolescent generation, so full of oddity, so rampageous and whimsical, yet so vital and arresting, recognizes no fixed habitat or locale. Many of them are still clustered about the universities they happen to attend. I have met several in Detroit, in Denver and in San Francisco. To think of them as belonging definitely to this school or that is to dignify them falsely, just as the critics of their day blindly persuaded themselves that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Keats and Shelley formed the mythopoeic Lake School.

Whatever may be otherwise averred of this new generation, it is certain that a good many of them betray what may be called, for lack of a better term, tired lyricism. In other words, the youngest of our poets are born canny and a trifle cynical; they do not shout and make a trumpet of their surging youth, like the generation immediately before them; they smile blandly with wry mouths and a sardonic gleam in their eyes. Almost every beginning poet nowadays starts out with the sort of irony it has taken Anatole France well-nigh half a lifetime to achieve. On the other hand, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay are nursing little bantling schools in their bosoms. But these four American poets are, happily, saliently American and two of them, at least, clearly hark back to the sturdy stock of Walt Whitman. It is not unlikely that even the youngest generation may decide after a while to turn for orientation to the Good Gray Poet; this does not mean that it will set about servilely parroting him. It will, if one may hazard a guess, do what the experimental poet has always done in the past, if we may draw any conclusions from the amiable mutations of Pound, Amy Lowell and John Gould Fletcher, whose early influence was chiefly Europeon. Doubtly it will sway toward Walt Whitman, the true guardian spirit of authentic American poetry who, after all, as Ezra Pound says, "broke the new wood."

The Voice of Death

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

The voice of death is wisdom through all things,
  Telling the granite where to wear and crumble,
The little sparrow how to preen its wings,
  The lightning-fangs to flash before the rumble;
And yet his wisdom is a secret grace.
  To us, who plow the hours for light and bread,
All beauty is the hiding of his face,
  All living is the listening for his tread.

But when our eager listening grows numb,
  And he has snapped our taut anxities,
We do not even know that he has come,
  But lean against the dust of centuries,
Eager, as ever, in a world apart,
  And listen for the beating of his heart....

The Cynic

By H. UNDERWOOD HOYT

He was so lonely that the lonely stars
Leaned down from their cold homes to pity him,
And yet he could not weep: He was too frail
To endure the blessed bitter balm of tears;
And so he turned to laughter, as they laugh
Who are too clever to be wise, too small
To hold the weight of sorrow and be kind.
He laughed so well, he sang so cleverly
No one could guess his heart's sure loneliness.
Even the stars forgot him before long
For they grew drunk with laughing at his song.

A Parodox on Posters

By ARTHUR SYMONS

IT has often been asked: What is the origin of the Coloured Poster? No one knows its origin. Some suppose the germ may be found in a papyrus dated 146 B. C., among the collections of the Louvre, which deals with the escape of two slaves from Alexandria; another, not so ancient, is an inscription in Greek issued under the reign of Herod the Great, which forbids, under the pain of death, the entrance of strangers into the Temple of Jerusalem. There were the signboards of the Middle ages, the public criers in Berry in the year 1141 who went about the taverns carrying with them wares they had on sale. The earliest English poster might be that by which Caxton in 1480 summoned the "Pyes of Salisbury" at Westminster. There is a royal proclamation of the famous François Premier in regard to the Paris police, which was *"attachées a un tableau, escripter en parchemain et en grosse lettre,"* and was certainly an *affiche.*

The modern artistic poster movement began in 1836 with one done by Lalance as an advertisement for *"Comment meurent Les Femmes";* which was followed in 1837 by Célestin Nanteuil, an advertisement for *"Robert Macaire,"* done before he began his famous illustrations for Balzac and for Gautier. Next comes Gavarni, with his series of *"Les Affiches Illustrés"*: next comes Manet with his atrocious and almost obscene *affiche* for *"Les Chats"* of Champfleury—which represent in an Oriental fashion a black and a white cat with lifted tails almost in the act of love-making under the glimpses of a grotesque moon.

The Parisian Poster was literally invented by Jules Chéret; in Paris he was called *"le roi de l'affiche."* He had the instinct of rapid movement, a colourist's temperament, a certainty of design, and with this a subtle sense of women's fascinating poses, and of splashing the hideous and naked walls of Paris with amazing improvisations and with an immense gaiety; as in his *"Entrée des Danseuses"* and in his *"Cascade de clowns"*—the phrase of Huysmans who had an inordinate admiration for his designs. So had all of us who haunted Paris in those years for his fiery yellows, uncompromising greens, furious reds and leaden blues—riots of colour, bewildering and at times baffling to one's vision; for his figures seem to rush this way and that way in a kind of dazzling disorder; he who could symbolize dancing, pantomine, comedy, music; he who had that peculiarly French characteristic of being *chic,* as in his coloured *affiches* of the Alcazar d'Été, the Folies-Bergère and the Moulin-Rouge.

Writing on Beardsley I said how the epithet *fin de siècle* had been given to a great deal of modern French art and to art which seems to attach itself to contemporary France. There came into existence a very modern and very far from being a serious or exquisite form of art which has expressed itself largely in the *Courier Français,* the *Gil Blas*

Illustré, and the Posters; which certainly came into existence out of the fascinating and perfect art of Whistler, the perverse and passionate art of Degas, the great art of Manet. "It finds its own," I wrote, "in the 18th century, so that Willette becomes a kind of petty, witty Watteau of Montmartre; it parodies the art of stained glass, with Grasset and his followers; it juggles with iron bars and masses of shadow like Lautrec. And in its direct assault on the nerves it pushes naughtiness to obscenity, deforms observation into caricature, dexterity of line and handling being cultivated as one cultivates a particular, deadly *botte* in fencing." So, when I wrote this, one realized that in the windy laughter of the frivolities of Chéret, in the pathetic gaieties of Willette, it is the clown or acrobat seen at the Folies-Bergère, the painted people mimicking puppets, who have begotten this masquerading humanity of illustrated papers and Posters.

Suddenly, with his sinister genius, surges into the midst of these minor stars, Toulouse-Lautrec. In 1892 he sent to the *Salon des Indépendants, "L'Affiche pour le Moulin-Rouge."* After this he used more violent and more complicated colors, the foundation generally in green on white paper; the tonelet blue, yellow, red or black. Among these are *"Le Pendu," "Le Divan Japonais" (75 rue des Martyrs),* which shows Jane Avril in profile; *"Aristide Bruant aux Ambassadeurs"; "Jane Avril au Jardin de Paris"; "Caudieux,"* finally *"Babylone d'Allemagne,"* equally bizarre and venomous. I have been turning over the pages of *L'Escarmouche,* a satirical journal edited by Ibels and Darien that began in November, 1893, and ended on the first of January, 1894, which contains thirteen fantastic designs of Lautrec. These sentences are worth quoting: *"M. de Toulouse-Lautrec, le collabrateur assidu de 'l'Escarmouche,' met la dernière main à une affiche (Colombier) répresentant le chansonnier Bruant, et qui fera sensation." "Ajoutons que 'le Divan Japonais' a eu le bon gout de confier l'éxecution à M. de Toulouse-Lautrec, qui sut, à son habitude, en faire une merveille."*

Caudieux (1893) has in it all Lautrec's malignity, as he makes this hideous *cabotin* strut across the stage of a music-hall, all animated and animal action, legs and arms that gesticulate; puffed cheeks and ogling eyes that give him rather an absurd resemblance to Oscar Wilde at his worst. *"Au Pied de l'Echafaud"* has the monstrosity of the *Matrouïn* of Villiers: the condemned criminal, with the visage of an utterly debased brute, with naked throat, thrust forward by the executioner who lays one heavy hand on his left shoulder; one sees part of the guillotine and that awful hole in the wooden plank through which his head must be inserted; a ghastly thing; only Lautrec, with his sense of pity, shows one the priest behind him who carries in his hands an open Latin Bible.

In *Le Rire,* January, 1897, there is a splendidly ironical caricature which is transformed into a Poster by Lautrec of Baron, in *"Les Charbonniers,"* who seems to be saying: *"Monsieur le secrétaire de Monsieur le Commissaire!"* Above is printed: *"Les journaux annoncent que M. Baron, l'illustre comique, quitte prochainement le théâtre des Variétés, ou il a remporté de si retentissants succès."* With a lawyer's cap

on his head, with heavy eyelids and sombre eyes, with an ugly nose, a long mouth covered by a black moustache, with an upright collar that touches his upper lip, he looks at one sideways, with a most comical gravity. He sits there alive as life, drawn with amazingly pure dashes of the thick pencil. Lautrec's abrupt vision seizes this Cabotin and seems to fling him at you—with hatred and with a secret malice. Just then Lautrec was one of the many Parisian celebrities who were on the jury of *"Notre Concours de Masques au Bal de l'Opéra,"* which took place on the thirteenth of February. Among the others are Willy, Willette, Jules Renard, Arsène Alexandre, Tristan Bernard, Georges Courteline—who happened to be alive. The *Gil Blas Illustré,* a risky and frisky journal, gave many of Steinlein's pitiless and relentless coloured illustrations, whose *métier* is to add his ironic cruelty to all of his designs in which vice and squalor are shown—as he shows them in his Posters—in their tragic comedy. I prefer far and away to these some splendid posters of Anquetin, a friend of Conder's and of mine, who has a prodigious talent; as in the design on the cover of the first number of *Le Rire,* in which he represents a figure of a man in a mediaeval costume —with the grotesque and laughing face of Cyrano de Bergerac—who points with his nervous hands to the grimacing pigmies who form a crowd in some square in Paris. After Anquetin comes Métivet, whose Poster of Eugenie Buffet, as she stands outside *Les Ambassadeurs,* a menacing and nocturnal and shivering figure, is, in its originality, sombre; she is even more tragic and depraved, with her passionate and desperate eyes, when she stands outside *"La Cigale,"* (24 Boulevard Rochechouart), defiant and undaunted; behind her one sees in a vision a glimpse of part of the windmill of the Moulin-Rouge, or, it might be, of the Moulin de la Galette.

Storm Ending

By JEAN TOOMER

Thunder blossoms gorgeously above our heads,
Great, hollow, bell-like flowers,
Rumbling in the wind,
Stretching clappers to strike our ears..
Full-lipped flowers
Bitten by the sun
Bleeding rain
Dripping rain like golden honey,
And the sweet earth flying from the thunder.

Editorial Comment

AFTER a lengthy and heated discussion (96° Fahrenheit) we, the triumvirate, who turn out this sheet, decided to suspend the producing and printing of "Editorials" over the dog days. It may be, unless of course our worthy readers see it otherwise, that this suspension will become a permanent arrangement giving way in time to a, perhaps, more diverting order of things in the direction of running comment.

It has always seemed to me (I smirk at Athos and Porthos) a bit unseemly, if not in quite poor taste, to thrust one's various and sundry individual biases and blather in the very face as it were of the worthy reader. Certainly these whatnots (which "out of courtesy to one another" we called editorials because they were fashioned by ourselves who are, so to speak, editors in that we edit this organ) done in odd moments and moods stolen from lucrative pursuits have not been in any sense of the word editorials at all, but rather essays in little about little—or nothing in particular, done to the whim of the producer without thought or consideration of the worthy reader, if any. A Johnsonian period with which I bow out ridiculously in form.

THE UNBORN AUDIENCE

CERTAIN of our most treasured contemporaries continue to point out that they are printing the current literature of which posterity will approve, the material by which this age will be remembered. Posterity, as near as we can deduce from the literature which is guaranteed to please it, will be all brain, subtle emotion and intricate desire. These periodicals which cater to the future rather than the present seem to be edited on the theory that man—this ancient and almost undeviating ape—has turned a sudden flipflop out of animalism into cerebralism. Almost over-night it is asserted, he has become extremely introspective, analytical, non-commital, spirituel, ghostly, supersensitive and super-refined.

I do not deny that in the end he may become so—after some thousands, perhaps millions, of years. But by that time he will be a bug, a reptile, or a bird. In the course of recorded history, he has changed but little. It is somewhat absurd to expect him to alter in one or five or ten generations. The aesthetes of today differ hardly at all from the aesthetes of decadent Greece and Rome. The proletarian does not differ at all. Unless we speak in geological terms, it is quite safe to say that posterity will treasure just such productions as we and the ancients have treasured: "Yellow Dog Blues," "Casey Jones," "McGinty," "Green Gravel," "Christopher Columbus," "The Old Man Came Rolling In," "Waly, Waly," the poems of Heinrich Heine, Sappho, Edgar Guest, Catullus, Robert Herrick, William

Shakespeare, Berton Braley, Paul Verlaine, the folk ballads, the prose of Voltaire, Rabelais, Laurence Sterne, Anatole France, Plato, Charles Lamb, Nick Carter, Mrs. Southworth, Ring Lardner, Robert G. Ingersoll, the plays of John Webster and George M. Cohan. Posterity will chew Star tobacco or something similar. Posterity will be as vulgar and as raucous as antiquity. Posterity will be as simple, credulous and foolish as we are. And for some thousands of years, unquestionably, it will go about the ordinary human functions in the good old-fashioned ways. That day will be a long time coming in which man will be as a general thing subtly analytical in probity or in debauchery. He will remain awkward, crude, impulsive, animalistic, and simple-souled and simple-headed. I wager our sincere and well-intentioned contemporaries are deceiving themselves.

SHELLEY

THOUGH centennials *per se* seem to me just a bit absurd, they do have a saving quality as reminders of the persons and product of the commemorees. Especially so is this true in the case of Shelley, indubitably the most discussed, extolled and abjured literary personality of modern times. Shelley biographies, critiques, analyses, variorums, and intimate studies glut the market. From Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Medwin and Trelawney, down to Dowden, Buxton Forman, and Clutton-Brock and down, in another sense, to Paul Elmer More and Professor Babbitt, the Shelley legend has engaged the fancies of perhaps more diversely ecstatic and inquisitive minds than any other personal literary legend.

With Edmund Spencer he has been called poet's poet and certainly his following among the minnesingers during the century since his death has exceeded that of Byron, Keats, Wordsworth and Browning bunched together. The only decent piece of prose that Robert Browning manufactured is his Shelley essay; Francis Thompson's finest production, surpassing in my mind "The Hound of Heaven" and "Sister Songs," is his grand eulogium of Shelley; Swinburne, Rosetti, and James Thomson of "Dreadful Night" fame, knelt at his shrine.

The year that marks the centenary of his death finds him as much if not more alive than the year that preceded his untimely demise. Glancing through back numbers of the soberer periodicals—monthlies, weeklies, dailies—over the past several months, one's eye is invariably fixt by a Shelley caption. This or that young college professor or critic, seduced by the legend and sensing the market value of the "occasional," goes to it with a vengeance. But as invariably as one's eye, that is the eye of the Shelley hound, is fixt by the caption so invariably is he ennuyéed by the content. What more can be said of Shelley? What more might be said of Shelley? Too much already has been exhumed. God salve his ghost, there is no more I can add.

BOOTLEGGERS, CRITICS, ET AL,

GLANCING through a late copy of the *Liberator* I was arrested by a review of "The Opinions of Anatole France" by Floyd Dell. All the estimable Dell could see was that France, an anarchist (certainly a misleading tag) had become a member of the Academy, an aristocratic "bourgeois" body. This kind of criticism always strikes me as faintly ludicrous. Was Homer a free trader or a protectionist? We all know Milton's political affiliation. But is Harold Bell Wright a Republican or a Democrat and how does Ring W. Lardner vote? Into this class of extra literary critics falls our old friend, H. L. M. Read his essay on politics in "Civilization in the United States" and you will see where his heart lies. Has he not threatened to write a book on government, which may lead to the formation of a new political party, a sort of deus ex machina affair? It ought to be as interesting as the party formed in 1920 by and of the editors of *The New Republic*. Let's think—it was called the "Committee of Forty-eight?"

Which reminds me of the disappointment of the citizens of Marion, Ohio, over the speech of President Harding, delivered in his home town. W. G. read his speech from notes. The burghers expected when they sent him away to Washington that he would be able to play without notes on his return.

The mails continue to bring us advance notices and "floaters" of masterpieces privately printed, artistic triumphs for ten dollars, cash only accepted. The suppression and consequent exorbitant price of "Jurgen" is responsible for this boom in subterranean literature. Why doesn't some enterprising fellow bring out "A Night in a Moorish Harem" or "Only a Boy," limited edition by prescription only, fifty dollars; fifteen autograph copies at one hundred. I am certain he could secure letters from any number of authors stating that either work is as clear, wise and beautiful as well water and that anyone who could see anything nasty in these books is a monster of repressed perversions; and that anyway to the pure all things are, etc. I remember reading some such collection of epistles when "Jurgen" was squelched. I read the book, which if not a chef d'oeuvre is at least highly diverting, and candidly I think the gents were all fibbing. If they didn't know that Cabell meant to be naughty all over that much harassed epic then no school boy ever chalked frescoes over the walls of a high school latrine.

Speaking of the critics again, there are the *esthetics* who roam free and familiar in a little roped off area that they call modern literature. The lads are nearly as dull in their theories as the "moderns" they divigate upon. Evidently their beliefs preclude any catering to the reader. It is worse than bad form to be entertaining with them; it is a prostitution of their high calling. I do not say I cannot read the *Dial* school of criticism.

But I do think that in these dog days, some of them might be a little less hard on us barbarians.

Dada continues to flourish in Paris and in its wake a half dozen magazines published mostly in English. The influx of these in quantities to America is said to be a stabilizing factor in French Exchange.

And that leads me to speak of the market for fine wines and liquors. The prices continue to drop. Apparently all the great fortunes have been made in that line of endeavor. Bootleggers in these hard times do well to keep one automobile and send their sons to Harvard and their daughters to Vassar. Ten years from to-day you may hear young Mrs. Graffachillio call to her youngest: "Don't allow yourself to associate with that impossible Favrolovina child, his father is an oyster opener."

It is said that the big liquor interests with their dirty money are supporting prohibition. Vae Victis!

A LETTER FROM MR. GORDON.

THE following communication has come in to us from Mr. David Gordon, Cleveland, Ohio.

"I have just finished your editorial, 'Defending Artificiality' in your August issue, and I think you miss the point entirely.

"If I understand your abstractions correctly, you contend that the so-called 'naturalistic' or 'realistic' novels are invalid because they are more untrue to life than the romances and because they lack poignancy.

"That is true. But you miss the fact that most makes them ludicrous and inadequate. Zola writes about pigs in preference to women because pigs shock him. He is an unsophisticated neophyte. The ultimately finished writer, like Merimee, is far beyond the point where he can get a kick out of mere smuttiness. There is something jejeune, pubescent, about all these Zolas.

"Here is a proximate example. A young Harvarder with specs yclept John Dos Passos recently wrote a war novel wherein the naughty doughboys were quoted as using such phrases as 'Goddamn.' This delightfully shocks the fat ladies who read the novel, as it originally shocked the apple-cheeked kiddo who wrote the novel. I myself, being a bootlegger, and using profanity constantly, can't get a thrill out of seeing it in print.

"Don't you see? Naturalism is not only unnatural, but it isn't even radical."

* * * *

WE shall be pleased to receive from any of our readers comment on the contents of *The Double Dealer* or on contemporary literature. When space permits, we shall gladly print any such correspondence that we find interesting.

MIDLAND AUTHORS

WE have been asked by Mr. John M. Stahl, president of the Society of Midland Authors, to announce that the society will have a special meeting September 29th and 30th in Chicago. There will be a luncheon each day and a dinner the evening of the 30th. Writers from any part of the United States are urged to attend. Mr. Stahl points out that the Society of Midland Authors is intended to be an aid to all authors in America and to "be an inspirative force to develop a real United States Literature."

Revisitants

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

We who went where Dante went
  And Persephone,
You can know us by the bent
  Brow, and shadowy,

By the eyes that still would dream
  (Through your loudest word)
Of the kindness in some stream
  Or some singing-bird:

Soft our words to all who live,
  Courteously we go
(There's so little to forgive,
  Knowing what we know!)

Yet have patience if we stare
  At your whimpering crowd...
Where the Nine Great Circles were
  No man cried aloud.

Reviews

THE MODERN HEDONIST

"DER GENUSSMENSCH"

BY WILLEM VAN WULFEN

(*Hyperion Verlag, Munich*)

PEEL man out of his trappings and his husks and he will confront you as the naked egoist, the ruthless hedonist, for such, supported by his powerful allies—Nature and his instincts—is the natural, unmutilated human being. Children are hedonists, direct and undisguised, and so are the animals, related to them in their clean consequentiality. It is obedience to the imperative of life—it is the creature delighting in his days, his strength, his beauty, in his senses and faculties. Then come discipline, the painful, heart-breaking running of gauntlets devised by law, expediency and artifice, education, religion, duty, the Puritanic-Christian conception, the blackening and debasing idea of sin. And all that was natural, and a source of joy in the creature and his fellow-creatures, becomes evil. Only the great pagans, the sublime heathens who lived in a freer and less crowded world than ours, and one infinitely less complicated, were able to live as honest hedonists and epicureans. Our Christian ideology with its suspicion and deprecation of joy and its contemning of the body, has darkened the world for us. It has taught us to sit down with our own skeletons at the feast of life.

There was a brief respite during the Renaissance, a sunbright morning and noon that followed upon the night of the Middle Ages, but the Renaissance was, after all, only an echo and a revival. Then came afternoon and then the twilight, filled with the mysterious metallic clink and clank, as of an approaching army. But it was only the machine assembling itself, and preparing to crawl out of its caverns of brick. Thus it came that we have industrialism triumphant, rampant, ruthless—life geared up to the whim and will of the machine, and the sun lifted through the vapors of its own precipitation—coal. Where there is pleasure, it is pleasure without lightness or grace, without nobility, beauty or high ecstasy—the sordid sensuality of tin-pot rakes and roués, the perversities of the sick and the neurotic, the cocotte, the profiteer, the bounderish men-about-town. We have the spasmodic and grotesque convulsions of negroid dances, named, as befits them, after animals. We have the debauches of the great cancerous cities, the mechanized Babylons, aspiring to be Luna Parks in stone and steel, we have the mass-ambition of Gomorrah ascendant everywhere to-day.

In a remarkable book, *"Der Genussmensch"* (The Man Who Enjoys), Willem van Wulfen sets up his creed of *"rücksichtsloser Lebensgenuss."*. That means, in bald translation, the enjoyment of life without taking consideration, but it is not so damnable nor dangerous as it sounds. It does not necessarily imply without taking consideration of others, for this very consideration may become one of the most rarified and exquisite of pleasures. Wulfen is for living to the full upon every

plane and he defends his thesis with unabashed openness, with stubborn, unflinching, incontrovertible logic. He faces the problem of pleasure honestly, and his arguments are singularly free of cant, false sentiment or apologetics.

He unfolds his philosophy of a refined art of life and the enjoyment of life, but these things all concentrate themselves in the achieving of one end —the perfection of the personality, the creation of values which can arise only from the true aristocratic conception— the Nietzschean ideal that the highest duty of man is to himself—so that man himself may be surpassed. Thus the man of pleasure, using pleasure in its highest meaning, is not the mere voluptuary, the helot of his passions, but one who lays laws upon them and himself, even though these laws may be only in the nature of a personal code or of selective, esthetic restrictions.

The book is a *vade mecum* in an age in which the true ends of life seem to have been obscured by the poisonous by-products of civilization and over-civilization. But why write "seem" in the face of so plain a fact? and why "by-products?" No! let us rather say, or still better shout: an age in which the true ends of life, the full flaming and flowering of our vital energies and the expansion of our years, have been suicidally and idiotically impested and strangled by this parasitic civilization of which we are so proud, this iron, germ-laden apparatus which we feared might be wrecked by the war. How— falling before the harlotry of mass and numbers—have we complicated the simplest processes of life and immeasurably increased their cost!—so that a loaf of bread must pass through a thousand strange hands before it lands upon our table. We do not see that we are no longer grain in the hoppers of the vast tentacular towns, but simply chaff blown about in the fierce hugger-mugger. Our once sweet, wholesome primitive pleasures are shoddy *Ersatz*-pleasures—they are even pleasures by proxy —as when we, the thousand-headed, hire others to play, to sing, to dance, to fight for us.

This is not a book for the coarse and libidinous, but for the artist in the raw-material of life, for the spirits of finer light and fire capable of choice and discrimination and self-mastery and fealty to self. Verily it says unto you: Unless ye become as one of these ye shall not enter into this Garden of Theleme. Your feet must learn how to find secure footing on the slippery soil of the animalistic—your head lift itself into the ether of the spiritual—without vertigo. Very apropos come to me some verses from a translation which I once made of D'Annunzio's superb ode upon the passing of Friedrich Nietzsche—*"per la morte di un Distruttore"*:

> He knoweth not how innocent,
> O Life, are these mine eyes,
> When they behold the skies,
> The venerable firmament
> In purity unshaken.
> Nor yet he knoweth
> How like a mighty stream my heart o'erfloweth.
> What can he teach me more, O Life?
> I know how to dance o'er abysses,
> I know the way of Laughter
> In the face of Peril and her iron kisses,
> And when the avalanches rattle
> To force my austere strife,
> I know with beak and claw to battle,
> I know how to slay,
> And how to weave coronals after
> The end of the fray.

Life—what is Life—when it is to be something higher than the biological process? It is this: to be balanced in

a sane and healthy physical, emotional and intellectual metabolism with one's environment, with the world of Nature, Man and Art, taking and giving.

Again and again van Wulfen returns to the theme of personality, upbuilding itself through the free, unmuddied play of natural forces until the crystal of clarified character is achieved. Chatterers on wood-pulp and notion-mongers everywhere have babbled and scribbled this word personality to the very point of degradation. But the word, like liberty—also begrimed and beslubbered by miry paws and unclean tongues—defines man's highest heritage and asset. Its possession or non-possession makes all the difference between man the weed and man the flower, the flower with perfume. Personality is the perfume of man, color, fertility and power, and pleasure and its inevitable attendant pain, are climate and sunshine and rain and worm in the bud.

Es lebe das Leben—es lebe die Lust! It is with these words—having written his brain-pain and his ink-pot dry, that Willem van Wulfen closes his stimulating and brilliant book. *Lust,* I need scarcely say, is not lust. There is shudder of the supernal in it, of the higher and mystic Dionysian—as Zarathustra made clear. Let us master the full significance of it, as we have partly mastered it in *Wanderlust.* For we have sore need of the thing itself, we with the virus of Puritanism in our veins, we whose noble national hedonism is confined to the all-inclusive, all-dominating formula: "A Good Time!" For such is the Be-all and the End-all of our American existence—an existence which we mistake for Life.

HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

THE OPINIONS OF ANATOLE FRANCE

RECORDED BY PAUL GSELL
Translated by Ernest Boyd.
(*Alfred A. Knopf,* 1922)

I ADMIT without shame that I am one of that multitude which believes Anatole France is the most delightful and in many ways the greatest man of letters now alive. His mind, it seems to me, is as rare as the mind of Voltaire and he is a pleasanter person. I have not had such undiluted enjoyment from the works of any modern as I have from his. Men like Anatole France are as rare as large comets. He is not merely a great writer of prose. He is a great intelligence, a great humorist and a supremely lovable character. He is a sage, an artist, and an honorable man. If anything could save the American democracy from absurdity, it would be the careful reading of the complete works of Anatole France by every qualified elector. Anatole France represents sanity, tolerance and good-humor. He is one of those sceptics whose doubt instead of depressing one breeds a deeper faith in life. Out of his nihilism grows a zest in the good fight. His humor transfigures the farce of existence, making it beautiful and diverting. And his scepticism shatters the battle balloons of the uplifters as well as those of the wicked.

This book is a record of the "feasts of reason" which were held at Anatole France's Villa Said during the years before the war. M. Paul Gsell has transcribed conversations which took place when the great sceptic was interviewed by his friends and admirers. The only complaint against the work is that M. Gsell gives us only 246 pages and

one should like to have a thousand. The volume is delightful throughout. Anatole France excels in speech as in writing. These intelectual bouts with Remy de Gourmont, Rodin and many others, are as delicious in spots as "Penguin Island," "At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque" or "The Revolt of the Angels." The anecdotes are almost too good to be true, especially those about the academy. One believes them, however, and derives tremendous enjoyment.

I recommend "The Opinions of Anatole France" unreservedly. We talk a good deal about Boswell, but Anatole France is a far greater man than Samuel Johnson. Though Gsell is inferior to Boswell as a biographer, this work can be put very well on your shelf next to the life of the doctor.

The book includes, among others, the following chapters: "The Hermitage of the Sage," Candidates for the Academy," "On Becoming an Academician," "Politics in the Academy," "The Credo of a Sceptic," "Professor Brown and the Secret of Genius," "M. Bergeret Collaborates With the Divine Sarah," "Anatole France at Auguste Rodin's," "On War," "The Russian Revolution at the Villa Said," and "The Omnipotence of Dream."

PHILIP ZORN.

THE NIETZSCHE-WAGNER CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FOERSTER NIETZSCHE

(*Boni & Liveright*, 1922)

THIS volume is intended to record, largely through the medium of personal correspondence, the course of the friendship between Richard Wagner and Friedrich Nietzsche. Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, the latter's sister, states her purpose thus: "In this book I wish to set in vibration only the tenderest chords of the closest friendship, which even though they be written in a melancholy minor, at least reveal no harsh dissonances."

Well, what have we? A record of the friendship, indeed, insofar as the available correspondence and Frau F.-N's perceptions will permit, but with far too many special pleadings and interpositions by Nietzsche's sister. Truth to tell, "The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence" suffers as a book by too close resemblance to a brief. It is the kind of a book that will not be accepted as a record because personal motives shine so transparently through its pages. Frau F.-N. not only apprehends the rupture between the two men too soon, but also too often and gives rise to uncomfortable suspicions concerning the authenticity of her apprehensions. She postulates antagonism too often. There are here so many intimations of the final rupture that these chapters, gathered to consecrate one of the most touching friendships in the history of European art, constitute an initiaton, rather than an introduction, to the quarrel and, of course, becloud the more or less beautiful correspondence.

One difficulty in the way of a clear perception by Nietzsche's sister is her predisposition to disregard most other persons as subsidiary to her brother. She betrays a personal and provincial attitude on this account. "No amount of appreciation bestowed upon my brother," she virtuously declares, "seemed to be unwarranted."

The friendship must have been deeply significant, one attended by devotion

such as is rare upon this earth, but there is needed more than what correspondence was within reach of Frau F.-N. to give form and color to the general impression concerning the nature of that relation. And even more is needed, for correspondence can give only intimating flashes, no revelation. The last-recorded statements of both Nietzsche and Wagner on this subject, made subsequent to the break, intimate worlds. The philosopher-philologist, a few weeks before his mental collapse in 1888, declares that "that which above all things refreshed me most profoundly and most genuinely" was "unquestionably my intercourse with Richard Wagner. All the rest of my human relationships I treat quite lightly, but at no price would I be willing to blot from my life....those days of mutual confidence, of cheerfulness, of sublime flashes—the *deep* moments." And Wagner, six months before his death, humbly declares: "Tell your brother I am quite alone since he went away and left me."

The intercourse would have continued until Wagner's death on a more even, if unadventurous, level had each man justly evaluated the other and gauged his relation to him more accurately. The gauge is easily adjusted now. Wagner's fault was evident; he desired Nietzsche's friendship, not as an equal, but as propagandist and disciple and he so immersed himself in his own battles that he could not heartily acclaim the victory of any but a lieutenant. True that Nietzsche found no more ardent defender of his work, yet the disparity in ages and the fact that Wagner had completed the greater part of his life work while Nietzsche was beginning his might be held accountable for the elder's failure to see the youthful professor in his true perspective.

Nietzsche also was in grievous error. He wanted to serve not only genius, but impeccable genius. We find him squirming at the thought that Wagner and Frau Cosima von Buelow were living out of wedlock. And in his "thoughts out of season," "Schopenhauer as Educator," we find Nietzsche's philosophical justification for having put himself at the service of Schopenhauer as well as of Wagner: "It is only by clinging with devotion to some great man (as a prototype) that the individual is vouchsafed the first consecration of culture." And then he is obliged to conclude, after having found flaws even in the creator of "Tristan and Isolde," "I must bear the fate of all idealists, who see the object of their adoration tumbling from its pedestal. Ideal monster: the real Wagner shrinks away to nothing."

HARRY SALPETER.

IN COLORS OF THE WEST

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

(*Henry Holt & Co.*, 1922)

THE thing that most impresses one in reading this collection of Mr. Dresbach's poems is the remarkable strides toward artistic maturity which the poet has made since the volume was prepared. Mr. Dresbach has written a number of excellent lyrics, lyrics which prove him to be a singer of deep feeling and real originality. He has developed his own tune, a haunting and wistful melody which is like nobody else's. His

best lyrics—a few of which we have had the pleasure of printing in *The Double Dealer*—are very fine indeed. But the collection of his poems here presented, "In Colors of the West," does not contain, I believe, Mr. Dresbach's best. Compared with his later work—and some of his earlier—these poems lack finish. One feels that there is too much sentiment and too little technique. One feels that this book—which includes little of Mr. Dresbach's work of the past year—is immature, that it was prepared before the poet had discovered his proper medium.

These poems are sincere. No charges of treason can be brought against the author. But the volume, coming from so good a poet as Glenn Ward Dresbach, is unsatisfactory. We have a right to expect finer things in a book of his verse. His next volume—to be called "The Enchanted Mesa," I believe—should contain some of the best short lyrics of recent years. At any rate, he has written them.

From "In Colors of the West" I quote "A Mountain Lake":

Mirror of skies whose cloud-ships on your breast
Arrive at havens of the mirrored trees,
About you lift the splendors of the West,
Across you move the olden mysteries
Of light and shadow. Fed by melted snows
Forever flashing on the changeless range
Haloed by fleecy clouds, you find repose
In beauty living changeless through the change
Of seasons and of ages. One by one
They see reflected growth and slow decline
Upon your surface, chonicles of sun,
Of shadow and of moon. Cedar and pine
And mountain flower look on you as I—
Meeting in you at last with peaks and sky.

And the following passages from "The Three Days":

In some yesterday I came
From the flesh that felt the flame
Of my waking, ached with pain
For the world I was to gain,
Loved me, feeling then in me
A blood-bond's immortality....
The flesh is made by God as much
As any white wood of a tree!
I love that flesh that had the touch
Of sun....I love my body, much
The same as other mortal forms—
In it the moonlight gropes and fills
Strange places, and the sudden storms
Come in from oceans and from hills

* * * *

I know the language of my kind—
Words from the heart, words from the mind.
These words give everything to me—
From violets to immensity....

Glenn Ward Dresbach is a poet who refuses to embrace the dogma of any school or clique in contemporary verse. He is poet with conviction. His urge is not technical but personal. My only quarrel with "In Colors of the West" is that it does not represent the best work of its author. Mr. Dresbach has done far finer work in the field of the short lyric and ballad. I look forward to seeing those lyrics in a book. They will not fill so large a volume as "In Colors of the West," but they will make a volume which lovers of poetry will cherish.

JOHN MCCLURE.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

BY EDITH WHARTON

(*Appleton*, 1922)

IT would, of course, be impossible for Mrs. Wharton to write a book totally devoid of interest, but she comes perilously close to it in her "Glimpses of the Moon." If a less distinguished novelist had consulted her note-books and

achieved this improbable jambalaya one would simply take it for granted that she was an inferior cook and let it go at that. It would be irritating, but unimportant. But in Mrs. Wharton's case it is important because her ability to give us the best has been proved so often that it is unquestioned, and to find her also capable of giving us such poor fare—to find her *willing* to give it to us—is a distinct and unpleasant shock. It is rather a sad spectacle always to watch a fine artist becoming an indifferent one, and one fervently hopes that it is but a temporary metamorphosis.

"The Glimpses of the Moon" is concerned more or less with the marital difficulties of a group of well-dressed morons, principally American. Americans of the type who are forever on the wing in search of pleasure—or, if not pleasure, a new sensation of any kind—and who carry on their feverish, monotonously incessant, rather messy intrigues against a background of Como, Venice, and Paris. All the usual stock characters are here, even a poor little rich girl and a swarm of superior little poor children, and one of Mrs. Wharton's peculiar families, an unconvincing one, from Apex City. And then there is Susy, the little social parasite, with her sudden and extraordinary change of heart at the last possible moment, who might have stepped, complete in every detail, from the pages of some highly moral and uplifting tract. One mentions the fact with sorrow, but it is regrettably and undeniably true that there is a slight but unmistakable air of tract and uplift about the whole affair. One didn't think it of Mrs. Wharton. And one is left with the impression that, egged on by the "new" Susy, Nick's descent into a fine, upstanding, 100 per cent American will be rapid. Mrs. Wharton doesn't actually *say* so, of course, but what else is one to infer? It is all most depressing.

While Mrs. Wharton refrains from telling us in so many words that

> "Dawn harbours surely
> East of the shadows"

she is constantly intimating it, and at times is even edifying; and she points her morals with a heavy hand.

There are a few flashes of the keen wit and almost uncanny penetration that one is accustomed to find in her novels, and the actual writing is—in spots—suave and full of dignity; but on the whole the book is very tedious. It is disjointed, badly put together, uncoordinated. One feels while reading that it has all been culled from half-forgotten note-books: a situation here, a likely character or two there, bits of description, an apt phrase, innumerable little details and odds and ends of ideas, all taken bodily from the note-books, stirred hastily into the jambalaya, and the result presented to us with great éclat. But we are not amused. Nor interested. Nor tolerant. Merely bored. For of necessity one becomes infected with the author's apparent and quite justifiable lack of interest in her own creations. Like marionettes the characters move through the requisite number of chapters—like marionettes controlled and animated by someone who is thinking of other things—and they leave one cold.

ALICE SESSUMS LEOVY.

THE TEN-CENT POCKET SERIES

EDITED BY E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

(*Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kans.*)

Despite all complaints about typography and format which can with justice be brought against this collection of books for the masses, the editor and publisher deserves much praise. Bigger books and better printed books have been sold for a dime in America, but no publisher has set out so successfully to carry the classics to the millions. It is unfortunate that the Pocket Series includes not a little drivel besides the classics, but this, too, can be forgiven. The series on the whole serves its purpose admirably. Mr. Haldeman-Julius has made it possible for the poor man to buy books which he could not otherwise procure and he has done a friendly service to those who wish to carry a library on business or fishing trips. He has introduced good writing of one sort or another to some millions of people whose literary sustenance previously was provided by Charles Garvice and Mary J. Holmes. He has spread a gospel of intellectual activity to a great many Baptists, Holy Rollers, Adventists and others who needed it seriously.

The complaints which can be directed at the Haldeman-Julius series are these: The books are extremely small. They are poorly printed, with many errors in proof-reading. They are often poorly trimmed. The library includes a few titles which the intelligent reader resents: "How to Develop a Strong Will"; "How to Develop a Magnetic Personality"; "How to Attract Friends," etc. But nine out of ten of these books are good; those which are not first-rate are generally stimulating —certainly to the uncultured mind. The library includes fiction, drama, history, biography, philosophy, science, poetry, and humor—239 titles altogether. The most well-read person can find a considerable amount of entertaining material in the collection. It is unquestionably a treasure-house of literature for the beginner.

Mr. Haldeman-Julius' service to the American public is considerable. In his magazine, "Life and Letters," the first issue of which has just appeared, he is continuing his work of educating the proletariat. It is said that three hundred thousand of his booklets are sold each week. He has been called, quite aptly, the Henry Ford of literature.

In speaking of Mr. Haldman-Julius' work Charles J. Finger says in *All's Well:*

"It seems to me the educational world has never known such zeal, genius, and labor flung into the cause of progress. Do you not see how such a work as this must, perforce, have an immense elevating and awakening influence on the growing generation, and influence which will endure?"

Mr. Finger rates Mr. Haldeman-Julius with Bernard Shaw, Cunningham Graham, Michael Monahan, Hoover, Goethals, Schwab, Steffanson, Lenine, Joseph Fels, and Sir Moses Montefiore. Mr. Finger persuades us that, in addition to being an astute publisher, Mr. Haldeman-Julius is a most unusual man.

STEWART JOHNSON.

WHITE APRIL

BY HAROLD VINAL

(*Yale University Press*, 1922)

MR. VINAL is one of those poets who are wounded rather than exhilarated by beauty. He is to be numbered among those who suffer aesthetic vertigo (an assemblage which includes John Keats) rather than among the ballyho men who trumpet affirmatively about life. Beauty hurts Mr. Vinal. Throughout the poems in "White April" he repeatedly refers to the pain that is bred by the apparition of loveliness. One cannot criticise adversely this impassioned attitude of a poet, who is also a musician and therefore no doubt a more emotional being than most of us.

But the real objection which can be brought against these poems is that they are—or seem to be, which amounts to the same thing from the reader's standpoint—decidedly derivative. Mr. Vinal is young and very prolific. He has a remarkable facility. It remains to be seen if he can develop an original technique. Many of the poems in this volume would startle one with their excellence, were it not that echoes —from Miss Millay and other poets— are constantly detected. The echoes are subconscious, of course, and it is a pity that they mar the work of a potentially excellent lyricist. This is Mr. Vinal's first book. The reader cannot down a feeling that the poet, in his novitiate, has appropriated much of the stock in trade of a select list of his predecessors and contemporaries and done a thorough job of perfectly honest and unconscious repetition. The average reader, too, will feel that much of the poetry in the volume is theatrical—that Mr. Vinal is not so severely wounded by mignonette as he asserts. And that he does not, in fact, frequently come near to weeping "for little places fair as Camelot." The average man will consider the book surcharged with sentimentality.

"White April," however, is not to be dismissed. Though it does not reveal Mr. Vinal as a rare poet, it does not prove that he cannot become one. The puzzling nature of his performance can best be shown by quoting one of his "Sonnets for Weeping," entitled "Year's Ending":

> O I could weep my heart out, late and soon,
> For dear and lovely things I would forget:
> A blur of silver spills that burned at noon,
> A clump of daffodils and mignonette,
> Aprils remembered that come back no more
> To haunt my gardens where the tulips bloom
> And banished summers flaming at my door,
> When haunted moonlight streamed into my room.
> At times the thought of so much loveliness
> Drops from me strangely, like the end of grief,
> Then suddenly I feel the wind's caress,
> Or a wild tree lets fall a lyric leaf.
> The thought of you drifts from an ancient spring—
> And I near weep again remembering.

There is something pleasing about this sonnet, particularly in its sound, but also there is something lacking. Perhaps the poem is too tense and strained. Perhaps what is lacking is originality. One hopes that Mr. Vinal will in the course of time discover his artistic identity, and give it more prominence than in "White April."

J. M.

ON ENGLISH POETRY

BY ROBERT GRAVES,

(*Alfred A. Knopf*, 1922)

REMEMBERING that remarkable volume of critical essays, "The Sacred Wood," with which Mr. T. S. Eliot surprised the literary public last year, I picked up this book of Mr. Graves' with very high hopes. One had a right to expect an enlightening and enjoyable work from the author of "A Frosty Night" and "The Beacon." But "On English Poetry" turns out to be a very disappointing volume on all counts. Instead of a dissertation on English poetry one finds a great deal about the verse of Mr. Graves. One fails to detect a high critical intelligence in any part of the discussion. It is generally careless, hasty and unconvincing. Parts of the book strike one as being both ridiculous and in bad taste. Mr. Graves is anything but fortunate in the selection of his own wares which he presents for analysis as examples of English poetry. He fails miserably to convince the reader that "where poetry differs from other verse is by being essentially a solution to some pressing emotional problem" and he carries this theory to complete absurdity by attempting to explain the "emotional contradiction" in the following rhyme on the signs of the Zodiac:

> The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
> And next the Crab, the Lion shines,
> The Virgin and the Scales,
> The Scorpion, Archer and He Goat,
> The Man who carries the Watering Pot,
> The Fish with glittering tails.

The "emotional contradiction," Mr. Graves declares, "lies in the stars' remote aloofness from complications of this climatic and smelly world, from the terror of Lion, Archer, Scorpion, from the implied love-interest of Heavenly Twins and Virgin, and from the daily cares of the Scales, Ram, Bull, Goat, Fish, Crab and Watering Pot." This is either foolishness or a very melancholy witticism. And Mr. Graves makes many equally ridiculous assertions in this volume.

JAMES B. CLUNY.

THE CHOICE OF THE CROWD

(*The Golden Horseman Press. Fayetteville, Ark*, 1922)

THE Choice of the Crowd" is "a collection of those poems appearing in *'All's Well*, which met the approval of the readers." The volume also includes a story, "Eric," by Charles J. Finger, editor of *All's Well*. The story is, I believe, the best entry in the collection.

The poems have been chosen by counting noses. They are the most popular verses which Mr. Finger has printed, not necessarily the best. It is, however, a representative array, giving the reader a clear impression of the unusual magazine in which Mr. Finger continues the work of William Marion Reedy. *All's Well* is always entertaining, always full of vigor.

A wide variety in style and content characterizes the poems in "The Choice of the Crowd." The collection includes work by J. D. Chamberlain, Glenn Ward Dresbach, Leonard Doughty, Paul Eldridge, William Griffith, Odin Gregory, Leslie Nelson Jennings, Howard Mum-

ford Jones, Blanche Coates Matthias, Marjorie Meeker, Helene Mullins, Bernard Raymund, David Salinger, Murray Sheehan, Whitelaw Saunders, Vincent Starrett, George Sterling, Harold Vinal, John Hall Wheelock, George F. Whitsett.

BENJAMIN THOM.

Books Received

SELECTED STORIES FROM O. HENRY, edited by C. Alphonso Smith. *Doubleday Page*, 1922.

TRAMPING WITH A POET IN THE ROCKIES, by Stephen Graham. With thirty-eight emblems by Vernon Hill. *Appleton*, 1922.

THE CRYSTAL COFFIN, by Maurice Rostand. *McBride*, 1922.

INDELIBLE, A Story of Life, Love and Music in Five Movements, by Elliott H. Paul. *Houghton Mifflin*, 1922.

EN LA PRADERA AMERICANA, novela, by Captain Mayne Reid, Madrid, *Mundo Latino.*

HOMBRE DE AMOR, novela, by El Caballero Audaz. *Mundo Latino.*

FORUM STORIES, selected by Charles Vale. *Mitchell Kennerley*, 1914.

THE JEWELED SERPENT, by Katharine Treat Blackledge. *Cornhill*, 1922.

LES THIBAULT, Deuxieme partie. (*"Le Penitencier"*), by Roger Martin du-Gard. *Paris, Nouvelle Revue Francaise*, 1922.

RED BUD WOMEN, Four Dramatic Episodes, by Mark O'Dea. *Cincinnati, Stewart Kidd.*

THE LITTLE CORNER NEVER CONQUERED, The Story of the American Red Cross Work for Belgium, by John Van Schaick, Jr. *Macmillan*, 1922.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME, by Grace Hazard Conkling. (Blindman Prize Poem), published by the Poetry Society of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, Done into English Verse by Brookes More. *Cornhill*, 1922.